

P O E M S.

BY

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LONDON:

SMITH, ELDER AND CO., 65, CORNHILL.

1847

London:
Printed by STEVART and MURRAY
Old Bailey.

P R E F A C E.

CONTRARY to the belief of many, the author of this volume is perfectly of opinion with some of our most gifted writers, that "the age of poetry ever will, and never can, pass away but with Time itself."

Whether his verses may be thought entitled to the appellation of "*poetry*," is not for him to decide. Aware of their many defects, especially in their want of the *linæ labor*,—he can only say that they are the result of his feelings,—of his life cherished love of the divine art.

Opposed as he is to the idea of mixing up politics with literature, he nevertheless cannot but deem it due to himself, that he should—in every sense of the term—prevent the inference that is, no doubt, deducible from the tenor of his sonnet to "Brother Jonathan,"—the inference that he had

adopted the levelling notions of a certain section of society. For so far is he from having taken up those notions, that he holds them to be in direct conflict with the very elements of our nature,—of which it seems to be one of the conditions, that *cæteris paribus*, the possessor either of vast wealth or vast intellectual power, should detach himself from the crowd, and elevate himself above it;—a condition which the levellers *never will* carry to its *extent*,—though they are willing enough to go a little way with it; and to make the possessor of average wealth, or average talent, occupy, as he doubtless ought to do, nay must do, an average position.

These being the author's convictions, he need hardly add, that, — how unjust soever may have been the treatment experienced by America, for some years previous to her separation from this country,—he has no high opinion of the structure of her government as an *enduring* organ; though it may be the very best she could have devised a temporary one.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE reader ought perhaps to be informed, that, in all their main incidents, *both* the Cantos of this poem adhere closely to the facts detailed in certain Persian depositions, which—as one of Colonel Sleeman's assistants “for the Suppression of Thuggee”—it became a few years since part of my duty to translate into English. And it may not be uninteresting to him to learn, that, with the exception of the Queen's Evidences, through whose agency the rest were convicted, all those who had been engaged in the commission of the offences detailed in the first Canto were, sooner or later, either hanged or transported.

ERRATA.

- Page 7, line 5, from bottom, *dele* it.
.. 90, foot note, *for* tran, read *treen*.
.. 123, line 2, *for* task, *read* tasks.
.. 133, — 13, *dele* magic.
.. 140, — 9, *for* flight's, *read* flights.



P O E M S.

THE BARÂT;* OR, THE BRIDAL PARTY.

CANTO I.

I.

GORGEOUS and rich, Day's sinking planet lingers,
Lacing the West with many a purple streak;
And touching with his bright and golden fingers
Ocean and isle, castle and mountain peak,
And ships, a forest in their shelter'd creek;
And now the far hum dies, that o'er the seas
All-day from mart and minaret doth break;
The town is hushing like night-hiving bees,
And Eve's blue mists grow dim o'er yonder cocoa trees.

* This word is not (if the gentle Reader pleases) to be pronounced as though it were our English surname, "Barrett." On the contrary, it should be given out, *ore rotundo*, with the broad French *a*, and with the accent on the last syllable.

• II.

And light and music, Ocean's breast along,
 O'er many an anchor'd star-lit bark is stealing,
 While thoughts unheard 'mid busy daylight's throng,
 O'er the hush'd heart their evening chimes are pealing—
 (Like rills, day-still'd, to night their songs revealing.)
 And still where long thin quivering lines of light,
 Heave with the swell 'neath every bark,—some feeling
 Gushing with home, love, sorrow, or delight,
 Bursts o'er each heart till Song kindles upon the night.

III.

And now amid the pauses where around
 Starlight and music mingle, comes the plash
 Of heaving oars blent with the merry sound
 Of frequent voices, while the sudden flash
 Phosphoric follows where the waters dash.—
 Again the oars hang mute, and fair and smooth
 A boat yon bark hath near'd with gentle crash;
 And swift upspringing to the deck, a youth
 Stands, modest but erect, and beautiful as Truth.

IV.

His clear young brow, deep olive as the hue
Of brightest Spanish lady, but no more
Gives token that his sires, their lineage drew
From high Hydaspes, or some antique shore
Skirting the desert,—by the far-heard roar,
Sleepless, of Tigris, or from that old world
Now waste, once beauteous, where abode of yore
Man's first progenitors, ere Satan hurl'd
Sorrow and sin o'er earth, or Death his flag unfurl'd.

V.

The youth seem'd very Arab, but the blood
Shone mantling through his bronz'd but downy cheek
As through some dark-hued luscious fruit the flood
Of autumn's juices reel, till they streak
Its sunny side with blushes ; or as break
Day's first dim tints over the Eastern sea,
When Dawn and Night in any shady creek
Snatch one delicious kiss, then turn and flee ;
Meeting and parting still through all Eternity !

VI.

Gems lay in costly lavishment his brow
 And pliant throat and fawn-like form around ;
 And one bright token—of a boyish vow—
 Most precious for its precious memories, bound
 His right arm with its lustre, and thence found
 How oft sweet silent commune with an eye
 Bright as itself and fairer ; till each mound,
 Each grove, rock, vale, each rill that wander'd by,
 Each scene that love adorn'd, like love itself seem'd nigh.

VI..

Yes ! still the past, and still his Leila's smiles
 Fairly upon his heart reflected lay,
 Like far scenes mirror'd upon cloudy isles,*
 Filling his youth with visions far away,
 But bright as when in childhood's sunny day
 Leila and he through many a woodland dell,
 At breathless eve, or when upon the spray
 Morn's dews were trembling, roam'd, ere yet the spell
 Of conscious mutual love o'er either spirit fell.—

* Thus fleets have been seen " in the clouds " at Ceylon ; though one might almost fancy the gazer had been there instead !

VIII.

Then how it fell! By morn's delicious light
Roaming alone, or at brief twilight's close,
Again, and still again, their hearts would plight
Under the rosy hue young passion throws,
When first o'er two young hearts it dawns and glows;
When all is blest as yet,—when either heart
Nought but sweet love and love's own gladness knows,
Or ever doubts their clouded lightnings dart,
Or cares and sorrows wring, or Death hath come to part.

IX.

And there none spake to threaten or control,
For mute, but earnestly, watched either's sire,
Till love should steal into their children's soul.
For they were friends, and keenly did desire
What neither might command, lest fear or ire
Should steal (with duty) in to check love's flame
From commune long they seek that gentle fire,
And oh, what marvel, soon if passion came,
Where Beauty, Feeling, Truth, to each belong'd the same?

X.

And yet, it haply was full wise to part
 Those young but earnest lovers, ere the power
 Of novelty had pass'd from either heart ;
 For so Imagination every hour
 Was free to make each heart her silent bower,
 Silent, but oh, how beautiful !—how fraught
 With ev'ry sunset tint and silken flower
 Found in the gorgeous regions of sweet Thought,
 While Death is yet a name, Love all, and Sorrow no-
 aught.

XI.

And so they parted ! So, by night and day
 At any hour, in any scene or place,
 Love o'er each soul still held his old sweet sway,
 And Azim—still upon his heart would trace
 The pictures ever of that sweet bright face,
 Those eyes, those lips, that still on him had smil'd,
 That shape that haunted with its sprite-like grace,
 And all that made the Self of that sweet child,
 As erst to him she was, in Læssia's wood-walks wild.

THE BRIDAL PARTY.

XII.

And therefore full of love and hope is he,
As now,—a gallant stripling—to yon deck
He springs, as tho' his heart were on the sea;
Yet little of old ocean doth he reck,
Unless to mark some brave bark to a speck
Dwindle amid its shadows far away;
Or roam its shores with none to mark or check
Visions its anthem-tones awake alway;
Or ride its fiercest surge, light as that surge's spray.

XIII.

His heart has flown before him o'er the seas,
Impatient,—to that fond and happy breast
That prays (how deeply) for the favouring breeze,
Now dancing o'er each starlight surge's crest,
As if it bow'd willingly to her behest.
And now, mid hope's bright promises he lies
(Hope's fleeting fairy-gold!) supremely blest,
Basking, in dreams, 'neath Leila's sunny eyes,
As erst by hill and stream, 'neath Lassia's cloudless skies.

XIV.

Swift was their passage. Ere the morning star
 Hung vanishing in dawn's first rosy hue,
 His vessel toward yon eastern hills afar,
 Free o'er the wave, like white sail'd sea-gull flew,
 Like fawns rejoicing that their strength is new ;
 And glad stands Azim on that bounding deck,
 The happy past recalling ; and anew
 Marking his home diminished to a speck :
 If peril lies before he knows not, nor doth reck. "

* * * * *

XV.

And now the dew is full o'er leaf and blade ;
 The western sky is deepening ; and above,
 The pale stars twinkle through the tremulous shade
 Of leafy boughs, with moonlight interwove.
 A rannel raves through many a rocky cove ;
 To the upper sky's faint blue a whispering sound
 Steals from the brakes,—by unseen creatures wove ;
 The sleepless stags free o'er the forest bound,
 And beauty, calmness, loneliness, shed harmony around.

XVI. •

And now, from 'neath those huge old arching trees,
 Moves Azim's host,—a gallant retinue ;
 While far upon the low and gusty breeze
 Sweep sounds from objects still conceal'd from view,
 Or dimly seen the moonlit copses through :
 The elephant's scream, the charger's neigh and tramp,
 The camel's bell, the bay of watch-dog true,—
 (Chaf'd by the jackal's howl from some near swamp),—
 All blending, mark the march of some proud eastern camp.

XVII.

And bore he—'t was the custom of his sires,—
 Rubies blood red, and many a starry gem,
 Meet to have kindled with their quenchless fires
 Of eastern prince the gorgeous diadem ;
 Or sapphirine as ocean, (when the stem
 Of some proud ship from nether earth, as far
 ' Seems as from upper sky) to frame from them,
 And pearls that glisten'd like a sylphid's car,
 An offering meet for her who was his spirit's star.

cXVIII.

Such was his fathers' custom : else, to him,
 Choice steeds and cars, mirrors, confections rare,
 Rich shawls, and diamonds flashing 'gainst the rim
 Of gold that binds them (as some fountain fair
 Gleams 'gainst the yellow sands its flood that bear),
 And muslins delicate as twilight dew,*
 Vases, and China's cunning ivory ware,
 Had seemed but idle offerings ; for he knew
 Such gauds are nought to her whose love is deep and true.

XIX.

He knew that Leila in her rock-built home,
 Eash wish forestall'd, each luxury prepared
 To court her, ev'n as, in the golden dome
 Of monarchs, such by royal maids are shared,
 By all surrounded, yet for nothing cared,—
 For pageants, wealth, rank, palaces, or power,
 So that her heart, so long so fondly bared,
 Were treasured still—as at that hallow'd hour
 When first its love was own'd in her lone desert bowel.

* *Skub-num*, or night-dew, is the name of a rare Indian muslin ;—a muslin that has indeed become "rare" since the supersession of the hand-wrought muslins of India, by the cheaper but coarser products of our English looms.

And, oh ! let not the Northern, with cold taunt,
Telling how much of ecstasy foregone—
How less of Wisdom than of Feeling's want—
Scoff at the fervour he can never own,
Nor shut his heart 'gainst each delicious tone
Passion in sunnier spirits doth awake !
Let him not scoff that Leila's fondness, sown
In merest childhood by that rock-girt lake,—
Makes every fairest scene fairer for love's sweet sake.

And, lo ! within its creek the very boat
Still slumbers, that so oft with tiny sail,
Swell'd by the evening breeze, was wont to float,
Wafting them o'er each bay of that fair vale,
Whose every wave, she deems, would leap to hail
His advent,—making glad each wooded dell
With love's oft-told but never tiring tale ;
Such as in dreams again she hears him tell,—
Such as her heart has shrin'd so warmly and so well.

XXII.

Look, as a tree grows fairer day by day
 By the glad margin of some beauteous river,
 Wherewith its roots' remotest fibres play,
 (Like lovers' hands, that, unseen, clasp and quiver,)
 So Leila grew more beautiful than ever,
 By her young being's bright and early flow ;
 But of her crowning charm was Love the giver ;
 Fair became fairest, 'neath his rosy glow,—
 As trees which rainbows touch* do straightway, odorous
 grow.

XXIII.

And passed sweet Leila's days in dreamings vague,
 But fair ; yet when she heard that Azim now
 Sped to her arms, strange terror, like a plague,
 Weigh'd at her heart, and blanch'd her beauteous brow,
 Smiting like sickness. Yet she wist not how,
 Or whence or whither, those pale terrors came,
 Pointing like gibbering spirits that avow
 Deeds to make daylight shudder. If no aim
 Was theirs, they smote not less,—those fears without a
 name !

* The reader need not be reminded of the classic origin of this allusion.

Sometimes she dreamt that on the topmost tower
Of that air-girded citadel they stood
Blest and alone, at morn's most magic hour,
Gazing adown o'er many an antique wood,
City and spire, green valley and fair flood,
And Lassia's kindling lake ; on either hand
On purple hills adorning many a rood ;
And far o'erhead on " cloudland, gorgeous land,"
Grandest and best of all where all was good and grand.

Then, sudden, stricken by some unseen might,
Swift from that pinnacle would Azim fall,
And starting she would 'wake the sullen night,
And weeping, with now sleepless eyes, recal
Each scene of that dread dream.—Or if sleep's thrall
Again would bind her, she again would view
New horrors, and her Azim's death in all,
"Until from night her daydreams caught the hue,
And hope (like sunless flowers) drooped 'neath her terrors
too,——

. XXVI.

Then sank and perish'd as in agony,
 And when her friends, to soothe the maiden's brain,
 Smil'd at her fears in kindly mockery,
 She strove, how piteously ! to smile again,
 But ev'n the effort wrung like hidden pain.
 And when they call'd her visions weak and wild,
 And when they sought her terrors to restrain,
 And bade her check her tears, the lovely child
 Stay'd them ; but of her fears she could not be beguiled.

XXVII.

For superstition ever waits on love ;
 And now that fervent though perverted creed,
 Which should have fix'd her holiest hopes above,
 Seem'd to forsake her in her sorest need,
 She knew, she felt his death had been decreed,
 Whose love to her had been the light of life ;
 And bow'd, as to the wind some "bruised reed,"
 The sad sweet girl, the pure bright virgin wife,
 Pray'd but to quit with him this world of wrong and strife.

XXVIII.

—But how, late wanderer thro' the sea-girt woods,
 Speeds Azim? He upon his devious way
 Now 'mid bleak mountains, now by giant floods,
 Now along dingy villages doth stray;
 With hound and gun slaying the brutes of prey
 Whose life is death; else by some runnel fleet
 Lingering to dally with some antique lay,
 Killing the hours that toil on feeble feet,
 And picturing each maid, sung his *own*, his Leila sweet.

XXIX.

And pleasant was it, while amid the trees
 That screen'd his stately tents, at midnight deep
 The sharp clear stars hung quivering, and the breeze
 Stealthily, then, from leaf to leaf 'gan creep,
 (While every hind around lay lock'd in sleep
 For *waking* dreams sleep's visions to defer,
 And free o'er space with Leila's soul to sweep;
 —Each from its grave past hours to disinter,
 And deem the darkest future bright if shar'd with her.

"Oh, how I envy those who see thee ever,
 Oh, how I envy those who see thee *now*!"
 (Thus would he say) "who ev'n without endeavour,
 Walk in thy light, and watch thy beauteous brow;
 And of thy dear eyes catch the sunny glow,
 And gaze, and gaze, and gaze, and gaze at will,
 And ever for their pleasure come and go,
 And of thy radiant presence drink their fill,
 While *I* can only muse and dream about thee still!"

XXXI.

"The sunny hours that we have pass'd together,
 Sweet Leila, can they ever be forgot?
 Their memory haunts me, as in stormy weather
 The mariner recalls some shelter'd spot
 • Where even the *thought* of storms intruded not.
 Belov'd and loveliest! to be lov'd of thee,
 Is to have heaven in an earthly lot,
 To feel that *even life* is ecstasy,
 Yet know no fear of death, save dread to part from thee!"

" Oh, Leila, ere I knew thee life was nought,
 And since I knew thee, what is life but love,—
 Deep love of thee, whose love I would have bought
 With every hope of happiness above?
 And yet my very love itself did prove
 An impulse to ennoble and refine;
 And even while in ecstasy I strove
 To win thy heart, its influence divine
 Work'd (though I knew it not) to cleanse and strengthen
 mine!

XXXIII.

" To have lov'd thee on,—lov'd on ev'n hopelessly
 Without one other heart to cheer or bless,
 I swear by Allah, would have been to me
 A higher solace, deeper happiness,
 Than in all wealth, all honour, to possess
 The brightest guerdon life could yield beside;
 Then oh! weak words how feeble, to express
 The bliss to be for ever by thy side,
 To clasp thee to my heart, my bright, my peerless bride!"

XXXIV.

But still he tarried not;—and by the gorge
 Between two mountains, when a pilgrim band*
 Besought his succour 'gainst the deadly scourge,
 That swept the pleasant places of the land,
 He bade them fear not,—and with accents bland
 Granted their boon.—And 'gainst his gallant train
 No murderers I ween, with forceful hand
 Dare seek encounter, or on pass or plain ;
 Yet ah! shall fraud prevail where force had strove in vain?

XXXV.

Shall it prevail? Ah, who can tell? They sped
 Day after day right onward; with no dearth
 Of pleasant pastime;—till they reach'd the bed
 Of an exhausted cataract, whose birth
 Was sudden tempests;—now tall grass, dank earth
 A thin stream, sands, and pebbles, nothing told
 How late the flood to ocean in its mirth,
 And might, and loneliness, and beauty roll'd.
 Ere next it fill its bed what deeds shall fate unfold?

* If the reader of certain most readable books on Thuggee by my honoured friend and some time official superior, Colonel W. H. Sleeman, should chance also to read this poem, he will not fail to divine that this quasi "pilgrim band" was in fact a band of Thugs.

XXXVI.

What deeds, alas!—Beside that changeful river
 Azim, a moment's resting pause had made
 Ere yet the dewy boughs had 'gun to quiver,
 Or, the black partridge from the forest glade,
 Earlier awake than morning's earliest shade,
 Trill'd forth his carol to the shrewd night air;
 — Of Sirius and Orion brightly play'd
 The reflex in the current faint and fair,
 That nought reveal'd how late a torrent murmur'd there.

XXXVII.

—Silent, in kindest silence, Azim watch'd
 The merriment from lip to lip that flew;
 Until, at length, when one who had been match'd
 In witty strife, till strife to anger grew,
 And wit to clamour, struggl'd to renew
 The contest,—he the onward signal gave;
 And soon slow motion stole the column through,
 As when new-nearing tides sweep wave on wave,
 Or when by new-woke winds cloud upon cloud is drave.—

XXXVIII.

And now a solemn grey-beard, like a priest,
 White rob'd and meek, and reverend, totter'd nigh
 The bright brow'd Azim, as tho' he at least
 Had been a patron's first-born,—neath his eye
 Fearlessly left, with travel's toil to try.*
 He nears, and bows with courtesy as bland
 As when some peer, for age, birth, probity,
 And counsel sage, most honour'd in the land,
 In favour'd speech before his youthful prince doth stand.

↑
XXXIX.

What spake he at that moment, whether 'twas
 Praise of that timely movement, that wise wile
 To check of idle strife the idler cause,
 None heard,—but answer pleasant, and with smile
 Graciously blent, sweet Azim made the while,
 Then turned to vault upon his gallant horse;
 —Alas, alas, too innocent of guile!—
 One moment more, he falls a quivering corse,
 With not one blood-gout spilt, one weapon rack'd in force!

* "To try with it, as with an enemy."—*Henry IV.*

XL.

The very smile still fresh upon his lip,
 His step up-springing, and his sunny eye
 Flashing with gladness,—that accursèd strip*—
 Was *that* to wring him to eternity?
 Was Azim like a felon churl to die,
 All slavered with his own foam like ill hung cur,
 —And not one falchion from its scabbard fly,
 Nor one steed answer to the ready spur,
 To bid him live for Leila, who would have died for her?

XLI.

God's life! of all the merry men around
 Be none but dastards?—out upon it! none
 To spring to help with eager shout and bound,
 And stay the coward deed ere well begun,
 And strike until the rascal scull hath spun
 From off you foul white vulture that doth bend
 Over the youth, whose race *not so* should run?
 Azim the friend of all, has he *no* friend?
 Oh! are they traitors all? Then cursed be their end!
 * It is with a villanous little bit of cloth that the Thug strangles his victim.

Cowards and traitors ! stand ye mute around ?
 Cowards and caitiffs ! quailing one and all ?
 Fled basely, or in baser concert join'd
 Ev'n with the fiends that work your master's fall ?
 Branded and dastards, whom 'twere shame to call
 Ev'n by the meanest name man ever bore,—
 Ye worse than women under terror's thrall,
 Leap to his rescue whom ye lov'd of yore,
 Or curs'd of God and man stand ye for evermore !

XLIII.

Accurs'd ? Alas, a little look around !
 What seest ? How many a well arm'd horseman lies
 Senseless and draggled on the bloodless ground,
 Each with warm writhing limbs and mad round eyes
 Strain'd from their sockets in fierce agonies ;
 And head loose hanging by the broken throat,
 And gaping lips ;—while stil' some smother'd sighs,
 Horribly gurgling, serve but to denote
 That there some tyro Thug first sets a soul afloat.

XLIV.

And *these* be all the merry men but now
With youth and vigour, hope and valour glowing,
Truth in each heart, and pride on every brow,
And each keen looks around for ever throwing,
In hope to note some cleft, cave, thicket, showing
The murderous ruffians said to lurk around;
While each—his own and comrades' mettle knowing—
Long'd for the chase as longs some gallant hound
—Be theirs yon empty hands, clench'd quivering on the
ground?

Alas! before those quiv'ring cease, with glee
But ill restrain'd for fitter time and place,
Those ruthless murdering fiends drag noiselessly,
With speed and skill that better deed would grace.
Each still warm corse to where, with flagging pace
The wasting river struggles to its goal:
Then, where the brushwood's branches interlace,
Scoop they along the shore a shallow hole
Wherein to cast each corse to swell one festering mole.

XLVI.

Not one was spared ! but ev'n as ships go down,
 Foundering 'mid all their might and bravery,
 Nor one soul 'scape to tell how brave men drown,
 —Drown dying at their posts,—and o'er the sea
 That covers up its victims hurriedly,
 Other bright galliots in their pride ride on,—
 So, where these brave hearts lie,—in strength and glee
 Coming or going 'neath the burning sun,
 What bands will pass above, nor dream of murder done !

XLVII.

Still (fitting monument for deed so dark !)
 Right o'er the grave one Kool*—gigantic tree—
 Its thousand arms, all barkless, or with bark
 Whiter than leper, twists fantastic'ly,
 Like naked maniac, in the twilight grey :
 No leaf adorns it ; but the vulture soul
 Lights there, and shrieks impatient for its prey,
 Till when, (as wakes at eve the mute-wing'd owl,)
 It welcomes from afar the sexton-jackal's howl.

* The Kool is a jungle tree of singularly fantastic form. It grows to a great height, and its branches twist with strange and wild involutions, which are all the more remarkable from the circumstance that the tree bears very few leaves, and that its bark is perfectly white. It is chiefly found upon the low hills of Central India.

XLVIII.

Meanwhile, the gifts, joyously dedicate
 In love and honour to the gentle maid
 Who, all forewarn'd, bewails her Azim's fate,
 —How are they scatter'd now? The costly blade
 He would have used so well, a toy is made
 For those old wither'd hands by which he fell;
 And in his costly offerings are array'd
 Those woman-fiends, whose mirth might startle hell,
 Seeing their husbands sport so pleasantly and well.

XLIX.

And so the hopes of Azim's sire are o'er,
 Then falsest, when they seem'd most full of truth;
 The hopes that should unto his Age restore
 In his brave boy his own remember'd youth,
 Till he might deem this earth as bright in sooth,
 As seem'd it when his heart had ne'er been crost:
 And feel as when,—thru' Fortune's tardy ruth,—
 Some bold old mariner, long tempest tost,
 Ends forth as fair a bark as e'er was launch'd or lost.—

L.

And Leila? Still with life must she contend,
Regarding all the toil stress stir of earth
As worthless means to gain a precious end;
And loathing ev'n the memory of mirth
As of some object monstrous from its birth;
Still must the fair girl struggle on, the same,
Gentle amid the spirit's utter dearth,
Without or joy, or fear, or hope, or aim,
Save longing for the time when Death his own shall claim.

LI.

Yea, those glad hours they were to pass together,
Have all fled traitor-hearted! She must tread
The flow'ry paths of girlhood's sunny weather
The widow-bride, the virgin of the dead,
The pure, the beautiful, yet doom'd to shed
Her whole bright wealth of loveliness and love,
Like waters on some arid desert spread;—
To roam (less favour'd than the patriarch's love,)
With tears below, no ark, no stay, if not above.

LII.

Yet, oh ! not long 'mid the deserted fanes
 To love so consecrate, she lonely weeping
 Shall brood above young Passion's bleak remains,
 'Mid Love and Horror dreadful vigils keeping,
 And still in tears each precious memory steeping ;
 —Blind bitter tears, bitter for shed in vain,—
 While hours of grief the weight of years are heaping.—
 Ah ! no—not long ; but soon those hapless twain
 On high shall meet once more, never to part again !

LIII.

And now farewell, sweet maid, a long farewell !
 The crowd that scoffs at love may love thee not,
 And scorn may chase the poet who doth tell,
 But ah ! so rudely tells, thy hapless lot.
 Yet *some* there are in whose *sweet* hearts a spot,
 May haply be vouchsaf'd for thee and me ;
 —*Young* hearts, by which, we ne'er may be forgot,
 But I be lov'd for memories of *Thee*,
 Thou, for thy beauteous love, thy grief, thy constancy !

CANTO II.

I.

The wind sweeps soft from Araby the blest,
And Ocean's surges, so instinct with life,
Seem as though each, within its tremulous breast,
Were with a glad and several spirit rife,
And leapt aloft, whether in sport or strife,
As bade some fairy its invisible freight ;
And freely from the West the tall ships drive,
The tall swift ships dashing to haven straight, ^u
Spurning the courtier waves on their proud course that
wait.

II.

'T is sparkling noontide ; swallows of the deep,
Skimming its breast, or on some wave afar
Shot from its surface, tirelessly doth leap
'Mid sunny isles each tiny pattamar,
Its sable tenant ready still to war
With Ocean's wolf,* or with the fiercest storm,
That e'er shook stoutest vessel spar from spar ;
Yea, man, dark, artless, masterpiece, yet worm,

* The shark,—which is thus called by these same rude fishermen.

III.

• But now it was the brilliant hour of noon,
 And shooting o'er the wave like sea-birds gay
 Those fishers travail'd to a pleasant tune,
 —While Azim's sire, whose hopes lay far away,
 Cheerily watch'd them thro' the dashing spray;
 Cheerily, yet unfix'dly, for his dreams
 In far off vales of blue Nerbudda lay,
 Where Lassia's lake with burnish'd surface gleams,
 And earth, 'neath Heaven's embrace, with heavenly
 beauty teems.

IV.

For there his beautiful and stately child,
 Pictur'd from far, he sees in grace and pride
 Roaming thro' breezy mead and forest wild,
 With Leila, now his fond and happy bride,—
 His own, how'er the stream of life may glide,
 Howe'er it toil or speed thro' glint or gloom;
 And well he knows whatever ill betide
 (If ill betide) they fear no earthly doom
 They may together share—tho' 't were to share a tomb!

V.

So deeming, when some vessels at his feet,
 Vessels long moor'd beside that rocky shore,
 Still changeless tarried, of a changeful fleet,
 (For that the destination which they bore
 To England pointed) heeded he no more
 Their stress, than if its wreath of fleece and dew
 Longer than wont some mountain's summit wore;
 — If wrath and want cause sins nor slight nor few,
 How oft Joy shuts man's heart 'gainst Earth and Heaven
 too!

VI.

But lo! at last the westward breeze has shifted!
 And, anchor up, and canvass fill'd, Sou'-West
 At last from port those British ships have drifted,
 And man and master all have done their best;
 While, with huge chest against the billows prest,
 Each beauteous bark hath struggled swift and strong—
 Each beauteous bark, as though with inward zest
 She strove to be the foremost of the throng,—
 strove that nor wind nor wave should do her master
 wrong.

VII.

Blessings be with them on their wat'ry way!
 But he who late above the iron shore
 Of that fair isle of hill and wood,—Bombay—
 From his high towers survey'd them, stands no more
 With eye serene and careless as of yore;
 Ah no! with eagle eye he notes afar,
 'Mid hope and doubt, each vessel that hath bore
 Day after day within the harbour bar,
 But still no stranger wafts his children from afar!

VIII.

Hope wrestles first with Doubt; anon poor Hope
 Fights with Despair,—but Hope is strongest still;
 And Hassan still ere summer mornings ope
 Their dewy eyes, ascends some breezy hill
 To watch,—in vain to watch! And signs of ill
 Soon throng! for letters soon from Leila's sire
 Demand why Azim comes not to fulfil
 His long delayed espousal: and some ire
 Half hidden seems to lurk, like live but smouldering fire.

IX.

This crowneth all ! The old man shudd'ring, fainting,
 Reels one weak moment 'neath that mighty woe,
 (That woe beyond the shrewdest limner's painting)
 Reels, with his grizzl'd locks in dust laid low ;
 —But, swift uprising, girdeth him to go
 Ev'n on the instant,—young again as ever,
 Or, by his soul, confirm'd to feeling so ;—
 To go,—to strive with sea, wood, rock, and river,
 'Till he his Azim find, or die in the endeavour.—

X.

As wondrously that sudden shock has given . . .
 Strength to his aged frame, as when at times
 Fetterless lightnings on their flight from heaven
 Startle to life and vigour wither'd limbs.—
 No girlish woe, no tearful sorrow dims
 Those eyes* that still their own beloved light
 Have sought so oft from each strange ship that skims
 Those sunny seas from dewy dawn till night,
 That light that ne'er again shall bless the old man's sight.

* "The light of the eyes" ("noor^oi chushm," or "qob^otr ool deen" is a trope in general use among Moohummudans to represent "children," of whom by the way (as well as of wives) your Moslem seems to think he cannot have too many.

XI.

Nothing he tarrieth, but onward hies
 Right for the harbour, where, to yonder west,
 Ready for instant flight, a vessel lies;
 So westward soon sad Hassan was address'd,
 Restless as wild-bird o'er her rifled nest;
 — While not the hurrying and fav'ring wind
 (Scarce less than tempest) that their canvass prest,
 Seem'd swift to him whose wild and eager mind
 Flying to seek his boy, left space and time behind.

XII.

He reach'd the shore, the same well wooded shore,
 Where late in beauty pass'd the lover boy;
 Wherefrom *himself* had sail'd few years before,
 Full of a father's hope, a father's joy,
 And blessings on the maid so fondly coy,
 Who soon, as Azim's partner, *then* he deem'd,
 Would make his own years blest without alloy;
 — Pleasantly, pleasantly the old man dream'd,
 Oh God! how all that *is*, is chang'd from all that *seem'd*!

XIII.

They reach'd the shore, and still where'er he far'd
 Met him glad signs of Azim's passage there :
 Now show'd the peasants where, on foot, he dar'd,
 And, daring, slew the tigress in her lair.—
 Now throng'd the old "Bheekhârees"—to declare
 —(Begging anew the while!) how, as he drove
 The demon hunger from their hells, his fair
 And stately form, his face of mirth and love
 Shone like a very God's avatar from above.—

XIV.

Anon of some still thick^{er}et which the sun
 At noon not pierceth, he the depths would thread,
 Where late (the peasant's say) his Azim's gun
 First startled silence :—now again o'erhead
 Doves coo, and peacocks with their plumage spread,
 To topmost bough of bur¹ and tamarind tree,
 Screaming, from yonder glowing rocks have fled ;
 And whiteapes haunt the tombs of ancient Moslem dead.—

* *Bheekhâree* (from "*bheekh*," Charity), the Sanscrit for a beggar. This term, which is chiefly in use among the Hindoos, is analogous to the Arabic term "*fugeer*." *Doakh*, or hell, the hell of hunger, is the figure of speech by which these gentry, whether Moomhumudans or Hindoos are wont to dignify their inner man.

xv.

Nay oft beneath the very groves where late
Stood Azim's tents old Hassan's camp would stand,
His *humbler* camp,—for what cares *he* for state
Who seeks his only son in stranger-land?
Oh not for *state*, for fairy's wing or wand
To speed him, or to aid his search, *he* longs!
Give him his boy, nought else doth he demand,
Yet o'er his heart while all the father throngs,
Blame not if soon some *doubt* his murder'd Azim wrongs!

xvi.

Blame not! for, day by day, glad tidings still
Chronicle Azim on his onward way,
Speeding along o'er valley, wood, and hill,
Blithesome as Echo on a hunting day;
Blame not his sire, if—(under sorrow's sway)—
If, sometimes, in his solitude of heart
He deems his toil thrown bootlessly away;
He deems—and doth he *hope* with inward start?
—That Azim in his mirth hath play'd a truant's part.

—That haply in his beauty and his pride
 (Like new loos'd courser in its youth and fire)
 He is apostate to his gentle bride,
 He is forgetful of his aged sire,
 Hath spurned the maiden's love, the father's ire,
 And chose to sail in sinful Passion's wake,
 Fill'd for some wanton fair with wild desire,
 Till Love, Truth, Duty, Honour, all at stake,
 Seem'd little to be lost for that bright syren's sake.—^l

XVIII.

But oh, that could not last ! Tho' all too young
 To strive 'gainst Beauty's wily blandishment,
 And shun the lures by willing damsel flung,
 Yet soon the force of *such* a charm were spent
 If such had lur'd ~~for~~—sure long ago were bent
 His willing steps *again* toward Leila's home !
 —So with new hopes are Hassan's terrors blent,
 So doth his heart delay to meet its doom,
 So weaves he brightest hopes before his Azim's tomb !

XIX.

Aye ! building baseless dreams right pleasantly,
Day after day old Hassan moves along,
Till hopes his heart so marvellously sway,
That presently, when hies a jovial throng
Westward, he lists for Azim's bridal song ;
Nay, one, afar, seems Azim to his mind !—
Then, finding that his hopes have led him wrong,
Still eagerly he asks, " What news ? Behind
Hast left a bridal band ? My son's I come to find."

" Nautches," quoth one, " and bridal parties here ?
By holy Sheeva ! that were pleasant sight ;—
Nor loathly should *we* join such jovial cheer !
—Yet, now I mind me, yonder to the right
There feeds such noisy party, though they fight
Like wedded folk scarce *newly* made a pair !
—They must have brawled it out thro' many a night
O'er cold bak'd meats, a right funereal fare :
Sir Elder, an you list, we will conduct you there !"

XXI.

So back they hasten,—all in merry guise
 Jeering the greybeard,—to that desert stream.
 —Then, laughing say they, “*There* the party lies
 Of brawling wassailers! Now, do’st not deem
 Theirs a brave revelry,—that, in sooth, the steam
 From their rare viands, tempting savour bears?”
 . . . Then break new doubts across him, tho’ no gleam
 Till then had pass’d; then stiffen his grey hairs;
 Like who beholds a ghost, he maddens unawares!

XXII.

Hard by the flood, hard by the footpathway
 Skirting the jungle,—part-way in the flood,
 Part in the jungle, foulest things of prey,
 —Vultures, newts, jackals, ravens, all whose food
 • Sweetest, is human flesh and tainted blood,—
 Hopping or standing, fought for human bones;
 For there, ’mid fifty skeletons they stood,
 That bare lay scatter’d e’er the shingle-stones,
 While, like a troubl’d ghost, that one white Kool tree
 moans!—

XXIII.

'That *thus* far Azim reach'd, all tongues impart :
—But further ? How the old man's troubl'd blood
Thickens about the pulses of his heart,
As now, beside that drear and desert wood,
All draggl'd o'er with foul and noisome mud,
He, bending, counts five, fifty, fifty-one,
—Aye, to the fifty-first,—white skulls that stud
The murder-spot, a-looking for his son ;
And knows not which is his, 'mid all, when all is done !

XXIV.

Again he looks amid the skulls ; again
Looks in the dust to find the fair broad brow
He erst had watched with hopes so fond and vain !
Alas, alas, what beauty's on it now ?
Alas, how blindly he doth seize and throw
That skull away, as nothing of his child !
Sure 'tis some remnant hope doth blind him so !
Fifty men guarded Azim thro' that wild,
Azim the fifty-first, he cannot be beguil'd !

XXV.

Not much he trembles; nor his lip nor brow
Much blanch; he stays himself; he moves away!
—"Crazed is he? What doth smite the old man so?"
So ask the strangers late so idly gay;—
But his caste is not theirs, he takes his way,
They theirs;—and now the frail, old, broken man
How awful, lone, mute, desolate doth he stray,
Hasting on wav'ring feet as best he can,
Hasting to close his toil in grief, as it began!

Not far to reach the truth, o'er hill and wold
Now need he journey from that fatal ghât;
Yet as he travell'd (tho' his heart foretold
That vainly for the lov'd and lost he sought)
Leaving the path, all wretched and distraught,
He 'mid the blank bare rocks, with God alone,
In silence communing with anguish fought;
Yea bow'd, with his old brow upon a stone,
Alone 'mid those blank rocks to God he made his groan.

XXVII.

But God deceiveth not; he riseth up
Humble but very hopeless!—in his soul
Assur'd that he must drink the bitter cup
With not one doubt his anguish to control!
He nears a city—findeth it a goal
Ne'er reach'd by Azim—sad but silently
As Indian chieftain (though, like death-knells toll
Men's bodings o'er his heart) without a sigh
He girds him to the death—he turns him back to die!

XXVIII.

Yea, he returneth to the place of skulls,
And lays him down, his matted, muddied hair
Touching the skeletons; while that eye dulls
So late like boyhood's eloquent and fair
His head hand-propp'd, his face takes Death's dull stare;
And saith he, "I shall see him but not now,
I shall behold him but not nigh"—this lair
Where gnaw'd and bleaching lies my brave boy's brow,
Here let mine bleach!—Oh God, to thy behest I bow.

XXIX.

Yea, év'n unto the dregs the bitter cup
Thou hast ordainèd, I have drunk and drain'd!
The hope that to the last had buoy'd me up,
The hope with anguish wrung, with weeping stain'd,
That too hath perish'd!—long as it remain'd
I could not near too tirelessly, too fast,
The one last earthly link my soul that chain'd,
But now the bitterness of death is past,
—I lay my corpse by thine, my earliest pride, my last!

XXX.

He look'd about, as if again he strove
(Too bootlessly!) to single from arund
That perish'd flow'ret all too timeless clove;
Then, as of light aweary, on the ground
His face he hid like one in stupor bound!—
And never, never, from that hour again
Up looketh he! His woe it doth astound
Each wayfarer across that desert plain;
But he is with his God; he is above all pain!

XXXI.

When died he none could tell :—but when at night
Fearful and slow his followers near'd, to warn
That forest beasts were stealing into sight,
He answer'd not—they touch'd him—in the fern
Deep press'd, cold, rigid lay he where at morn
Face-hidden he had thrown him: one hour more
Had they delay'd, had found him stripp'd and torn
By the same beasts who Azim stripp'd and tore ;
Ev'n as his soul had flown where Azim's flew before.

XXXII.

They laid him (he had friends as he had gold)
They laid old Hassan in a stately tomb,
Which now for years 'neath that wild Kool hath told
The few chance trav'lers by that place of gloom,
Of Azim's truth, love, beauty, early doom,
And how his father with his locks of gray
Went there to die beside him.—Wild flowers bloom
O'er the rank soil—and oft the small birds play
'Mid moss-hid skulls; but now few trav'lers pass that way.

XXXIII.

And if they do 'tis never with a song,
Nor after nightfall ; for strange legends tell
That ever when the stars begin to throng,
And quiet dews are shutting bud and bell,
A sylphid girlish shape from rock or dell
Still 'gins to wander ; and from Azim's grave
A mournful shade, conjur'd by love's own spell,
Glides with her where the torrents fiercest rave,
While thro' each form the stars shine, cloudless, o'er the
wave.

THE FROZEN SHIP.

[THE idea of this poem was suggested by the following extraordinary narrative of circumstances alleged to have taken place towards the end of the last century :—

“ One serene evening in the middle of August, Captain Warrens, the master of a Greenland whaler, found himself becalmed among a vast number of icebergs in about 77 deg. north latitude. On one side, and within a mile of his vessel, these were of immense height, and closely wedged together, and a succession of snow-covered peaks appeared behind each other as far as the eye could reach, showing that the ocean was completely blocked up in that quarter, and that it had probably been so for a long period of time. Capt. Warrens did not feel altogether satisfied with his station, but there being no wind he could not move either one way or another, and he therefore kept a strict watch, knowing that he would be safe as long as the surrounding icebergs continued in their respective places.

“ About midnight the wind rose to a gale, accompanied by thick showers of snow, while a succession of tremendous thundering, grinding, and crashing noises gave fearful evidence that the ice was in motion. The vessel received violent shocks every moment, for the haziness of the atmosphere prevented those on board from discovering in what direction the open water lay, or if there actually was any at all on either side of them. The night was spent in tacking as often as any cause of danger happened to present itself, and in the morning the storm abated, and Captain Warrens found, to his great joy, that his ship had not sustained any serious injury. He remarked with surprise that the accumulated icebergs which had on the preceding evening formed an impenetrable barrier, had been separated and disarranged by the wind, and that in one

place a canal of open sea wound its course among them as far as the eye could discern.

"It was two miles beyond the entrance of this canal *that a ship made its appearance about noon.* The sun shone brightly at the time, and a gentle breeze blew from the north. At first, some intervening icebergs prevented Captain Warrens from distinctly seeing anything except her masts, but he was struck with the strange manner in which her sails were disposed, and with the dismantled aspect of her yards and rigging. She continued to go before the wind for a few furlongs, and then grounding upon the low icebergs, remained motionless.

"Captain Warrens's curiosity was so much excited that he immediately leaped into his boat with several seamen, and rowed towards her. On approaching, he observed that her hull was miserably weather-beaten, and that not a soul appeared upon the deck, which was covered with snow to a considerable depth. He hailed her crew several times, but no answer was returned. Previous to stepping on board, an open port hole near the main chains caught his eye, and on looking into it, he perceived a man reclining back in a chair, with writing materials on a small table before him, but the feebleness of the light made everything very indistinct. The party, therefore, went upon deck, and having removed the hatchway, which they found closed, they descended to the cabin. They first came to the apartment which Captain Warrens had viewed through the port hole. A tremor seized him as he entered it. Its inmate retained his former position, and seemed to be insensible to the presence of strangers. He was found to be a corpse, and a green damp mould had covered his cheeks and forehead, and veiled his open eye-balls. He held a pen in his hand, and a log-book lay before him, and the last sentence in its unfinished page ran thus: "11th Nov. 1762. We have now been enclosed in the ice seventy days. The fire went out yesterday, and our Master has been trying ever since to kindle it again, but without success. His wife died this morning. There is no relief —"

"Captain Warrens and his seamen hurried from the spot without uttering a word. On entering the principal cabin, the first object they attracted their attention was the dead body of a female reclining on a bed in an attitude of deep interest and attention. Her countenance retained the freshness of life, and a contraction of the limbs alone

showed that her form was inanimate. Seated on the floor, in one corner of the room, was the corpse of an apparently young man, holding a steel in one hand and a flint in the other, as if in the act of striking fire upon some tinder which lay beside him.

"In the fore part of the vessel several sailors were found lying dead in their berths, and the body of a dog was crouched at the bottom of the gangway stairs. Neither provisions nor fuel could be discovered any where, but Captain Warrens was prevented by the superstitious prejudices of his seamen from examining the vessel as minutely as he wished to have done. He therefore carried away the log-book already mentioned, and a writing-desk, and returned to his own ship, and immediately steered to the southward, deeply impressed with the awful example which he had just witnessed of the danger of navigating the Polar seas in high northern latitudes. On returning to England, he made various inquiries respecting vessels that had disappeared in an unknown way, and by comparing the results of these with the information which was afforded by the written documents in his possession, he ascertained the name and history of the imprisoned ship and of her unfortunate master, and found that she had been frozen up seventeen years previous to the time of his discovering her among the ice."]

PART I.

A gallant ship went merrily
Over the deep alone,
Nor land nor sail her reign assail'd,
The sea was all her own.

Day after day she cleave her way
O'er the main and mighty deep,
And the dim and ghastly shapes that there
In shadowy silence sleep.

And still before her course there lay
A flood of golden light,
That still behind her fell away
In cold and foamy white.

But what cared they, that gallant crew,
They never look'd behind,
Save haply when, at eve, some thought
Brought home-scenes to the mind.

And oh ! at that soft hour when eve
Deepens o'er sea and sky,
How exiles single out the stars
That point where home doth lie !

And then o'er wake, wave, far off mist—
O'er worlds of land and main—
The heart *will* roam to boyhood's home,
The past *will* live again.

Yet, oh ! while bending o'er the deep,
(*Whatever* fate betide)
How sweet to know your heart's best home
Stands smiling by your side !

So deem at least yon youthful pair,
Who still, through space and change,
Are each a whole glad world to each,
Where'er they rest or range.

But, lady, so young, so beautiful,
What tempteth *thee* to stray
From merry Albion's breezy shores
So dauntlessly away?

Away, and *whither*? O'er the wave
To sunny lands dost go,
Where never on that fair young form
One wintry blast may blow?

Or to some new, some gorgeous world,
Where thou and thy young mate,
'Mid stately forests, teeming meads,
May shun the ills of fate?

Nay, no soft shelter seekest thou,
No whisp'ry bower of rest,
Yet thy fair cheek it is not blanch'd,
No fears possess thy breast.

Where'er thy lord his lot fulfils,
Whate'er that lot may be,
That lot to share, that lot to cheer,
Is all life's aim to thee.

PART II.

Now, where the frost sprite humbleth Ocean,
Their ship the south wind plies,
While the waves, with a low faint pulse like motion,
Lie 'neath those icy skies,
Like snow-bound traveller sunk to sleep
Death's slumber waste and deep.

But still, like ostrich o'er desert sands,
Without or let or stay,
She wanders swift, she wanders lone,
She wanders north alway.

She wanders where, all glassy bright,
Delos-like isles float by,
Thund'ring in wild and clashing fight ;
Or calm in moonlight lie,
With sea-beasts over their crystal sheen,
Like radiant shapes in slumber seen.

On still they go, 'mid the ice and snow,
The whale their mate beneath,
The bear and black fox round about,
Above the frost-cloud's breath,
While anon some ice-isle just totters by,
Ere it turns with its deep base hurl'd to the sky.

Still northward, northward still they go,
Till the very air around
Seems frozen—amid whole months of night—
Without breeze, beam, or sound.

Hours, weeks, months—still they come and go,
Till the very heart feels mad,
And the cold dim daylight, when light hath broke
Scarce seems than the night less sad,
Save for hopes it brings that the ice may burst,
Which with serpent foldings their bark hath curst.

The dreary snow, the weary hours,
The desert sea and air,
The icy ocean one rugged waste,
The heavens where frost-clouds glare—
Ah me! that lady so young and fair,
What woe to paint *her* there!

How fares she? 'Tis enough for her
That he she loves is near,
That still, through all the blank bleak hours,
His smile is there to cheer.

'Tis all enough that fond lone hours,
Cheer'd by Hope's gentlest spell,
Still tell of "merry English bowers,"
Lost, but remember'd well.

That still the lady's trust is God.
"Whose way is on the sea,
Whose paths (the printless paths they trod)
In the great waters be."

PART III.

Time speeds, year after year, hath sped,
Sped, passed, and disappear'd;
And that bark, so gallant and fleet of old,
What harbour hath she near'd?
Or doth she sleep 'neath the oozy deep,
While mourners watch and weep?

That bark no merry harbour nears
For fourscore weary years;
Nor doth she sleep 'neath the oozy deep,
Though friends have *ceas'd* to weep.

Nay, of all the friends for that bark who wept,
That still returneth not,
Each one in turn hath been lost and mourn'd—
Mourn'd long, and long forgot.

¹⁹ *Their* bones are *dust!* But youth for *those*
The lov'd, lost, wept of yore,
Still blooms on lips as *fair* as erst—
Tho' lips that *smile* no more.

And what though fourscore years be sped,
And fourscore winters past,
Their prow still keeps the deep; their shrouds
Still whistle 'neath every blast.

PART IV.

And now o'er Ocean's desert plains
Another ship is plying,
Drifted and driven still northward on,
With pennon all gallantly flying.

Swiftly, staylessly, tirelessly,
As the small fleece scuds the sky,
Swiftly as dream hurries after dream
And none knows whence or why;
Northward as hied that ship of old,
Northward this ship doth hie.

She rides the wave, she cleaves the deep,
Gallantly she doth go,
With the sky scarce higher *above* her hung
Than the earth lies deep below.

And now the gorgeous tropic eves
Before her are unroll'd,
Rearing aloft their mountain-clouds
Of fleece, rose, molten gold.

And now the high moon floods the deck,
And the sails as white as snow,
And there are dance, song, revelry,
Whitherso'er they go.

And now beside their bark in pride
The nautilus doth float !
From thousand thousand fathoms deep,
Where 'mid the sea-nymphs she did sleep,
She steers her pearly boat ;
Her elfin sheeny sail to rear
O'er sapphirine seas i' the moonlight clear.

This happy bark is from *Southern* isles,
Where the loving sun doth shed
Warm kissing glances, where they lie,
Beauties on Ocean's bed.

While, ruffling up the white back'd leaves,
Soft breezes from the deep
Each bosky streamlet-lighted dell,
Each cave and isthmus sweep.

There lone and high, a calm cold peak
Of never melting snow,
O'er cloud and ocean, cape and cave,
Still rears its silvery brow ;
Thoughtful as angels watching earth,
Ere earth knew taint or woe.

It rears ! How many a thousand years
Have pass'd it in array !
How many a freight of love and sin
It *shall* see pass away !

'Neath *it* the storm-fiend holds no power ;
Safe in her harbour-home
Sleeps the smallest shallop, tho' storm and strife
Over the ocean roam,
Softly cradled as sleeping babe,
Safe in her harbour home.

Yea, safe and calm as the babe that dreams
Of worlds where he had wings,
Or of that young fair breast to which
Ev'n while he dreams he clings.

And moonlight, oh, how lovingly,
That sweet light seem'd to stray;
Amid the small crisp waves that kiss'd
The bright sands where it lay;
Those waves that 'neath the moonlight danced,
Like fabled elves at play!

In those bright isles fair pleasure-barks,
Like any fairy ship,
Up to the sky hold every spar,
As lithe as willow slip;
While many a star, so cold and far,
The cordage fine doth clip.

Sometimes swiftly as swallow blithe
Skimming the ocean's breast,
Sometimes sleeping with folded sail
In calm and dreamy rest;
Their cordage fine, in the white moonshine,
All "beauteously confest."

At every hour, 'neath every light,
Those isles are lovely still,
Whether with starlight o'er the wave,
Or dawn upon the hill.

At any hour, by any light,
They were an Eden meet
For rosy beauty's happy bowers ;
With breezes warm and sweet,
Gliding over the rippling waves,
Like viewless fairies' feet.

But soon what change ! Soon *icy* isles,
Hurled as from Ocean's base,
Howe'er she plies, where'er she hies,
Hold that brave bark in chase.

And then comes *Silence* ! stealing on,
As falls the calm *snow* storm,
Stalking o'er earth o' some quiet night,
Like a ghost in its shrouded form ;

Ev'n tempests *now* would have their charm
For them so dull and drear ;
Then, oh ! what sight of glee it were,
Might some strange sail appear !

Saith one, " A strange sail *here* ? as meet
It were to seek,—almost,—
The forest fleets, and cliffs, and towns,
Of our own island's coast.

“Great Lord! Yet what lies low away
In yon far western haze?”
The word scarce heard, how every eye
Suddenly westward strays!

What shouts like madness! Mayst have seen
Some Arab caravan
Crawl heavily with snake-like coil
After its weary van;

Mayst seen it wind, at even-tide,
Some desert fountain near;
Some crumbling palace of old time,
With its waters lone and clear;

Mayst mark how life for the first blest plunge
Seem'd a birth-right cheaply given,
And blood was spilt for the water-draught
That seem'd to taste of Heaven!

So wild, so glad are the shout and throng,
As turns each seaman's eye,
Where far but clear in the keen thin air
A tall strange ship doth lie.

The boats are lower'd, the boats are mann'd,
And gladder far, I trow,
Than he who finds the buried gold
Be those lone seamen now.

Amain, amid the icebergs tall,
Winning their narrow way,
How jocundly, how sturdily,
Over the deep shoot they,
Dashing and whirling the spray about,
Like some strong whale at play.

"A goodly craft," quoth one, "she looks
As e'er plough'd ocean through ;
Yet by my troth she seems to hold
A right discourteous crew !

"No signal answers to our own,
To give us welcome hither,
For all the wastes of waters pass'd,
The worlds of wintry weather,
That lie betwixt us twain and home,
That fling us twain together !

“ Yet, ha! One in the fore-top stands,
And lo, his glass points he
Right on our vessel, where she lies
At anchor in the lee.”

And now one iceberg more remains,
Ere they the channel make,
Where that mysterious ship lies calm
As swan upon a lake.

Near and more near!
And now to steer
Right for her side they seek;
Yet still no channel free they find,
Still the closed icebergs creak!

So now, to board that mystic ship,
Climbing the iceberg vast,
They toil on foot, till ice and snow
Nigh half a league is past;
Then see they—*what*?—Enough to make
Each heart stop still aghast!

Fix'd, fix'd for ever stands the ship,
In the ice on which they tread,
And all is silent, silent all
As though all earth were dead!

The helmsman stands beside the wheel,
Which gives no sound or motion!
Alas! what lack of helmsman there
Upon that icy ocean?

And midway from the main-top down
A mariner doth swing,
As tho', from off the rattlings, swift
He to the deck would spring;
But his hands move not from the self-same spot—
There they for ever cling!

But his weight still swaying with the wind
He swingeth to and fro,
While still the stiff, and wiry ropes
Glisten with frosted snow.

And yonder, one with his glass, aloft,
Still from the foretop bends,
And ever, tirelessly, his gaze
To one same point he sends.

Shouts from the mariners fell e'en now,
And curses fierce. But here
Each speaks to each with gasping breath,
Smitten by shapeless fear,
As men hold speech in the room with death,
Beside the lost and dear.

What tames the mariners? Silently—
More silently, I trow,
Than ever they at night had dared
To board some hostile prow—
They stand and pause, or e'er they scale
That silent side and bow.

That ghastly side, that ghastly bow,
No mariner, I ween,
Shall e'er forget, while life remains,
What there was felt and seen.

Who springeth first to deck, he sees
Three sitting on a sail ;
One holds a sextant in his hand,
And to each he cries, " God hail !"
But their hands, and their heads, and their eyes
move not—
Why doth the mariner quail ?

Each of the three hath a health-bronz'd cheek,
And a man's unshrunk make ;
If they be churlishly mute, for *that*
Shall a brave man blench and quake ?

He plucks up heart, and again he calls,
And he touches one of the three ;
God help him ! why doth he start and quake,
Like one who some ghost doth see ?

The one of the three that he lightly touch'd—
As light as light could be,—
Falls on his side with a flull dead sound,
As though a corpse were he.

Thrice he vibrates from crown to heel,
Stiffly, then all is staid,
With his legs up crouch'd as in mud and slime
Deep sunk, drown'd men are laid ;
And the sextant clatters against the deck,
— The strangers stand afraid !

They know that he is dead ; they know,
Each figure they behold,
Standing, or sitting, or lying about,
Is stark, stiff, icy cold.

And the dog that at the companion stairs,
As though in sleep doth crouch,
As all pass on, not one hath heart
His shaggy hide to touch.

Like dreamers—in some horrid dream
Stalking—they wander on,
Till they a cabin reach. What then ?
One figure sits alone.

Alone he sits, with pen in hand,
And log-book spread before ;
And brow on left hand propp'd, as tho'
His heart with care were sore.

Surely *he liveth!* Sure but *now*
This icy blight it fell—
This icy blight which he is spared
Upon his page to tell !

His back is turn'd, but they call to him,
With hope renew'd they call ;
But he answers not : then heart and hope
Once and for ever fall.

Spell-bound they face *—* where he sits,
His lip is red and f
And his cheek it glows with a wintry red,
But his ghastly eye is dull ;
For the green foul mould upon *that* doth grow,
As it grows on a charnel skull.

They bend to read, 'bove the corpse's arm,
 (But the corpse, they touch not it),
Where the hand and the pen o'er the last words pause,
 As they but just were writ.

These be the corpse's written words :—

 " This is the seventieth day
Since the ice, that still doth throng and thicken,
 First barr'd our vessel's way.

 " The fire fail'd yestermorn ; since then
 Our Mate hath strove in vain
(For his young dying wife he strove)
 To kindle it again.

 " There is no help but God !"—The hand
 Of Death so quietly
Here stay'd the pen, it seem'd as though
 But *thought* that pen did stay.

Shuddering they left him. Shuddering they
 To the lady's cabin turn'd :
What ashes of unburied love
 There sadly lay inurn'd !

A young fair form, a woman's form,
All full of love and thought,
There cold, pure, faultless, lay as aught
In classic marble wrought.

She watch'd where (on his right knee bent)
With flint and steel, in vain,
The youth's form knelt, as though it strove
To 'wake their fire again.

Her speaking eye, her marble brow,
Her profile soft and fine,
Show'd, as though but in graceful ease
That lady did recline.

Yet lovingly her eye was fix'd,
Oh, tenderly it fell
On that young partner she had lov'd
So beautifully well !

She watch'd him with a sweet sad gaze—
As solemn, sad, and sweet,
As though in high and fervent prayer
He knelt beside her feet.

And he, that stone-like youthful shape,
That knæleth by her side,
It seems as tho' in one same breath
He and his love had died.

Or is it that so lovingly
The frost-fiend stay'd her breath,
He look'd, still met her love-full eyes,
And could not deem *that* death ;

That so, upon love's bootless task,
Untiringly he went,
Till like her own his latest breath
Without a pang was spent.

That youth's dead form (love so ennobles
The meanest task it gives)
Might vie with ev'n the proudest shape
In deathless stone that lives.

That pair—oh, not for worlds of wealth,
Those seamen rough and rude,
Had mov'd their fair dead icy forms
One span from where they stood !

For, oh it had been sacrilege
That sailor's corpse to move ,
From kneeling where it still hath knelt,
'Neath that sad look of love.

'There till the last trump shall they lie,
Without one pulse decay'd,
Then start as from a trance to life,
In that same flesh array'd !

THE LEPER,
A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

EZRA, *the Leper*.—REBECCA.

SCENE.—*A short distance from the edge of a chain of steep rocks overhanging the sea.—Time, evening.*

EZRA (*alone*).

Woe, woe! Merciful God! Woe, woe!

Woe, woe! Agony night and day!

—Inch by inch, year after year to perish!

When will this torture end? I see my frame

Crumble and break away as 't were a corpse;

I feel my heart deaden within its crust,

Its whiten'd sepulchre,—this loathsome heap

Which ev'n I loathe, awcary of myself,

Yearning to die, and looking to the grave
 With keener longing than the bridegroom blithe
 Ever to his fresh bridal bed!—To die!
 Only to die,—and yet I cannot die!
 — I totter'd once, crawl'd, totter'd to yon rocks
 That overhang the ocean,—there to end
 Life that was hell to me! With sticks and staves
 They rolled me back—gently—with sticks and staves,
 Then flung away their staves when all was done;
 But whether 't was to save my wretched life,
 Or to preserve even the very deep,
 The wide, wide deep, wherein they went to sport,
 From the pollution of my touch, they know,
 Not I! Oh God! Why was I singl'd out
 From all the joyous creatures that delight
 In life, and breath, and sunshine, unto whom
 Breath and the humblest impulses of life,
 Are full of blessings (as to me they were)
 To be the wretched thing I am?

At morn,

Ere the sun climbs yon hills I see them gleave
 The new lit way, like sea-birds, as of old

I too did cleave it ;—else unto the depths
 Diving, of ocean, where the shallow bed
 Of rock and weed with many a coral cave
 Studded, runs up the shore ; or sailing, scud
 Over the surf and billowy surge, with speed
 Likest to flying ! Or I see them hie
 O'er mound and meadow, light as Summer wind,
 But seeing may not follow, save with eyes
 That fain would shut for ever !

But the worst,

The worst lies deeper still. One was there once,
 One is there still, (that still to me is not)
 Gentle and meek and beauteous, as of old,
 When I was all to her, she all to me,
 — My young, my only love, my first, my last !
 — Yea, once she lov'd me, even as a God,
 And in low accents she would smile and call me,
 Bright as an angel, buoyant as a fawn,
 And brave as any eagle when he spreads
 His sails of pirate black upon the storm !
 Did I not love her, too ? Do I not love her
 Ev'n now, within this leprous heart, if heart

Lie not a rotted kernel in its husk,
 Mildew'd and bleach'd and mouldering, it makes me mad,
 Pah!—but to eye this self I cannot shun!
 But oh, the soul, surely my God, the soul
 Liestaintless still and clean. Sweet Heaven, sweet Heaven,
 Let me but die! My God, let me but die,
 To know no leprous spot can disarray
 The soul of its own beauty;—that again
 When all that thou art bidding hath been borne,
 Agony, shame, avoidance, friendship lost,
 Loathing of self,—all past, as now I know
 All soon must pass,—that then the soul again
 Will glory in thy beauty as of old!
 'Mid ev'ry pang mine only solace *this* ;—
 Yet not mine *only*! even now *she* comes,
 Sad, broken-hearted, weary of the world,
 And sinking to an early grave herself, .
 She comes whenever she can steal, to speak
 — Some paces off!—to him she lov'd of old,
 Nor loathes, methinks, as others loathe him, now.
 Few are our words, and cold, or mine are cold;
 Scornful of self and cold to her, and yet

I would not yield the hope that when this curse,
 — When life and all its curses shall be past,
 Our *souls* may meet, spotless and beautiful,
 To mingle blest for ever! Tush! fool! fool!
 Abjectest fool—maim'd, spit upon and maim'd!
 Doth not thy very passage through the streets
 Turn ev'n the dog from his offal?

Dost not thou
 Thyself turn loathing from these maimed limbs
 That bear thee for unfrequent sustenance
 To marts where, shuddering, *all* make way for *thee*?
 And thou still dream'st of *Beauty*?

Mighty God!
 When will the last dregs of this cup be drain'd?

* * * *

One more look on yon planet, ere I crawl
 Back to my den and one more night of woe!
(He drags himself to the edge of a rock.)
 Thou great and glorious orb, who art so fair
 Even to me,—ah! when will those glad rays,
 That now shoot brightly over ocean's breast,
 Lighting the glorious bay, mountains and trees,

And yon proud city and yon thronging ships,
 Which lie so far beneath that not a spar,
 Their loftiest and proudest, seems uprais'd
 'Bove the diminish'd decks—O ! mighty Sun,
 When wilt thou gild the Leper's lonely grave ?
 — The Leper's grave ? Alas, the merest abject
 Who begs from door to door, would never dig
 For any wealth, the rudest grave for *him* !
 No ! Open to the wind and to the sun
 And open to the basest carrion bird,
 Vulture—and what aught else may fouler feed,
 —Bared unto one and all, (tho' haply all
 From that would turn) the Leper's corpse must lie ;
 Will it then perish more than now ?

My God

Oh why is it forbidden me to fall
 Headlong from these tall surge-lash'd rocks, so tall
 The surge's moan not climbs them, as I gaze
 Thus o'er their brink with nerves all unappall'd,
 Nay yearning as an infant for the breast
 Of his young mother ? . . . Now, oh now 't were done
 —That way no more ! I dare not trust my heart

And so risk hell in both worlds! Let me crawl
 Back to my den—back from temptation!—Lo!
 The stars are stealing forth—the blessed stars,
 How pure and fair they are;—and yet they look
 Kindly, ev'n upon *me*!

*The keen night air
 Would now bite shrewdly if one had but feet
 Or hands to be benumb'd by it! Ha, ha, ha!*
 But it is gallant to be merry o' nights!

(REBECCA approaches unperceived.)

REBECCA (*aside*).

Great God! and is he *mad* too? Surely this
 It needed not.—Yet, Lord, Thy will be done!
 Know'st thou Rebecca?

EZRA.

Damsel is it well
 To wander thus o' nights from thy sire's home
 In search of lovers bright and beautiful
 And dangerous to maiden's fame, as sooth
 It must be granted, *I* am? Is it well

To—(*bursts into tears*)—away, away, alas, I cannot jest—
 Leave me—molest me not ! I am not meet
 For such as thou !

Leave me ! Or by that God
 Whose curse is on me,—wherefore

He knows best,—

—One moment linger and I hurl what yet
 Remains of me, headlong down this abyss.
 Yea, *thou* at least no more must see me thus !
 Leave me, I say, to shame ; but shame me not
 By looking on this wreck ! Thou wilt not ? Then . . .
 (*Drags himself yet nearer to the edge of the precipice,*
Rebecca springs forward and stands between it and him.)

REBECCA.

Nay then we fall together ! I will not leave thee :
 Yea, hear me, Ezra ! By that blessed God
 Whom thou blasphemest !

Ezra, I am come

Oh, not to mock thee, cruel that thou art,
 But gladly, gratefully to tell my love,
 Mine own sad love, that still he may be mine,

And I his own Rebecca !

But away—

Let us away from this dread pinnacle !

(She gently draws him away.)

EZRA.

O ! maiden,—who so long hast slighted me,

Why is it that again thou seek'st me out,

—Hunting the dying reptile to his hole ?

(Pauses, gazes on her.)

Alas, I see, ev'n by this light, that youth,

(Which still is thine so all intact, thy years

Yet pass'd may scarce be call'd parcel of Life)

Seems fleeing like a dream,—despite those charms

That should have won it to a tardy stay—

I see it. What is it to *me* ? And yet

What is it not ? I gaze and gaze until

Blind, bitter, bitter grief and agony

Wring ev'n the Leper's heart. But those meek eyes,

Kind eyes, with beauteous tears in them, that used

To beam in other hours for me alone,—

That I so lov'd and worshipp'd,—can I see them

Brimful of misery nor feel that—

REBECCA.

Ezra !

EZRA.

Nay, listen *thou* ! To thee I know I am
As one among the dead ! What we were once
Alas, what boots to tell ? What thou to me
In grief and agony art still, God knows,
None else ;—that too boots not ! Yet I do pray thee,
Go down among the maidens ;—don bright weeds ;
Bind thy bright tresses as thou wont of old,
When we were happy ! Nothing think of me,
Yea, nothing, nothing ! but when beauteous youths
Throng, as they must, to single thee from all,
Turn not from love and worth that heart away
I long ago surrendered ! Fare thee well !
Go, maiden, thy glad ways ;—and may the next
Thou smil'st upon, love thee ev'n half as well
As I have done,—thy leper-love ! Farewell !

REBECCA.

O ! Ezra, I have heard thee to the end
Unwillingly yet patiently, because
I have a solace that thou canst not see,

A blessed hope,—(nay start not, shudder not)
 Because a hope, a solace, fresh from Heaven
 Revives a heart else faint for utter woe !

EZRA.

Alas, alas, damsel, thou dost not mock me,
 Thou *couldst* not ! That, ev'n memory must forbid !
 Ev'n thy sweet eyes, that once I kissed so oft,
 Look as they would not mock me !

But to *hope* !

—Can Hope bring back my limbs, my beautiful
 My stately limbs ? It is not vanity *now*
 To say they *were* such !

REBECCA.

If not Hope, *Faith* can !—

Yes Faith, my Ezra ! Faith in Him who works
 Such wondrous cures as never sprung from man,
 Faith in the Prince of Peace, the Blessed Jesus,
 —Whose fame had reach'd me, and to whom, ev'n now,
 (Toiling for thee) with certain of our tribe
 I journey'd into Bethlehem, where he wrought
 Such miracles before these wondering eyes—

EZRA.

Mumm'ry! The juggles of a mountebank
 Cheating the land-gulls,—one whose miracles
 Find dullards so determin'd to believe,
Such ekers out of incidents, 'with eyes
 So obstinately dim, yet of such pow'r
 To magnify as mists do——

REBECCA (*kneeling*).

——Son of God!

Divinest Jesus! Saviour, Pastor, Guide!
 —*This* cup I had not fear'd, I had not deem'd
 Would be for me to drink! And, oh, of *all*
 How bitterest it is! But Thou art strong,
 And meek and merciful. Then do not Thou
 Forsake thine handmaid in her utmost need!
 O God, O God, what agony it is
 To hear him scoff at *Thee*! Thou hearest all,
 Tho' in thy mortal presence far away—
 Thou knowest all, all seest,—then oft vouchsafe
 In grace and mercy to send down Thy Spirit
 On this Thy creature, in his agony

Denying God in Thee, for *Thou* art God !

Yea, grant him faith ; thou canst, thou only canst.

EZRA.

'Tis dark.—Thy face I see not. But mine ears

They see thee ; and the music beautiful

But sad of those dear accents as of old

Bright spells is weaving ! That some doubts remain,

That at the first I cannot take in all

Thou sweetly promisest, what need to tell ?

But either thou art fool'd and I beguil'd

Believing all we covet,—or a God

Surely is walking earth ; and I may be

Once again whole, clean, thine, and thou *mine* only—

The very hope saps life,—my remnant life !

REBECCA.

Ezra ! My God, you faint, you tremble ! Ezra !

EZRA.

'Tis past ! 'Tis nought ! But more,—oh tell me more !

I do hope, do believe, yet dread to do so.

—Rebecca, ~~was~~ ^{is} he Godlike ?

REBECCA.

Godlike all !

He went about scattering wise words like dew,
 Refreshing every heart; and when the poor
 And halt, and blind, who were his retinue,
 Still throng'd around, (replacing or replaced,
 As new wants throng'd, and men new heal'd retir'd,
 Uttering praise and blessing,) that calm face
 —So pure, so fair, so beautiful in thoughts
 That lov'd earth, not belong'd to it—was touch'd
 With radiance of diviner visitings
 Than light Bethesda's pool by angels stirr'd!
 Then know no fear, my suffering belov'd,
 (Whose very sufferings unlock my heart
 To else unmaidenly avowals;) haste—
 Haste but to promise we may speed with thee
 Unto the Saviour's presence—unto Him
 Who turneth none away, disdaineth none,
 But blesseth, cherisheth, forgiveth all
 Who seek him in humility and faith.
 Now, Ezra, *thou* hast faith?

EZRA.

• Some faith, Rebecca!
 Some faith—I would hope, much; whate'er it be

'T is thou hast gender'd it—thou under God
 To whom I pray to help mine unbelief
 And save me from the palsy of the soul,
 And most of all for blessing upon *thee*
 Whatever be *my* fate! And now I know
 That fierce repinings, doubtings, blasphemies
 Have been the mildew'd harvest of my soul
 Since God first smote my body.

Well I know
 I have been tried and prov'd; prov'd valueless!

REBECCA.

Ah, Ezra! Who among us all, of old,
 Had heart as kind, temper as sweet as thine?
 Or like thee, (communing with thine own soul
As erst men walk'd with angels) lov'd and serv'd
 And honour'd the Eternal God!

EZRA.

Rebecca,

Your gentle words work torture, like the phantom
 Of a dead, injur'd girl—which wrings the more,
 The more that she was tender, lovely, chaste,
 —So, worthiest to be cherish'd!—What I was,
 (Ev'n if I *had* been all thou say'st,) but makes

That which I am more foul. If Nature gave me
 A pure and loving heart, then worse my crime—
 To have fall'n away from God as I have done !
 —Sweetest and best belov'd, 't is *thou* 'rt my saviour !
 Body and soul thou 'st rescued, under Heaven.
 I thank thee, bless thee, pray for thee.

My life

Neath Heav'n, is dedicate to thee ! Yet now,
 Prayer, worship, self-abasement must be mine,
 Alone with God beneath the silent stars ;
 —The silent, blessed stars, that look upon us
 Once more, methinks, with the sweet light they wore
 In happier days !

REBECCA.

Oh ! they will come again !

God speed and bless thee, Ezra !

[*Exit*, REBECCA.*

* Some of my friends have urged me "to go on with the Leper;" and a very pretty girl lately said to me, "I own I should like to see them *happily settled*!" Nevertheless, I confess, it seems to me, that "*here* this matter ought to drop;"—*partly* because the crisis is passed from the moment that Ezra is put in the way of being, as a matter of *certainty*, healed; but *chiefly* because the prosecution of the subject to its natural conclusion in a marriage, would involve the necessity of putting words into the mouth of our Saviour.

LINES

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN NEAR THE MANSARAWUR LAKE,
IN THE HIMALAYAS.

MOONLIGHT upon the mountains ! and the wind
Sweeps—as a lyre—the frosted forest pines
Whose melody is wildness ; cold, bright stars
Shine forth their quiet happiness, and clouds,
From the clear'd snow-peaks drifted, pass, like spirits,
Aye 'twixt their voiceful silence and this earth !
And 'neath the night's deep beauty, Earth is mute,
Save where the gaunt and famish'd mountain dog
Yells forth his demon-wailings from afar,
Or the wolf echoes them from out the dells,
Or the low wind responds, (as one arous'd
Unwillingly from slumber,) to the avalanche
Rolling around for ever !

O'er the lake
Still ply (seen rarely) birds their preyless toil
Where float the shadows of the setting moon

Over the waters, weak yet beautiful,
 And wood, and wave, and crested crag together,
 Rest, like tir'd children, 'neath her mother-eye.

Far in the dimness of the eternal forests
 The cheery pine-fire blazes, and the trunk
 Of many a sombre fir *yet* sabler shows,
 Back'd by the ruddy radiance as it glimmers
 'Twixt them as 'twixt some furnace bars!



More near

Figures, dim seen, are speeding to and fro
 The vast, fierce fires around; and every act
 And every motion of those simple hinds,
 Wears most unearthly semblance—as tho' demons
 Held vigil there o'er some unholy rites.

And now, as 't were to crown th' illusion, clouds
 Ebon and palpable, and vast, are seen
 Drowning, and gulping in each faëry mist,
 (Like tides that rush, and ~~space~~ not);—over all,
 O'er all this blessed realm their blotting curse
 Spreads—speeding—spoiling; where ev'n now the scene
 Slept in the moonshine like a basking fawn!
 The far flash menaces, and mustering winds

Speed, as to 'larum sounds, from out the valleys ;
And Tempest with his "giant strength" is fierce.
"To use it as a giant!"—

Yet the pines,
The gaunt tall pines their mighty arms are lifting
To battle with the storm fiend,—but in vain !
He triumphs in his fury and his might
And their bleach'd sires around their trunks, like bones,
Crumbling, tell past defeat.—But two are there,
Towering, yet doom'd to fall ; of many a one
They surest doom'd, for feeblest.—They to being
And strength, shot side by side long years ago,
And weather'd on together many a war
With him, their Tyrant, unsubdued at last ;
And many a sweet and starry summer night
Hath seen them lift their quiet heads to heaven
And commune, at that holy hush of Time,
In their dim beauty with the silent skies :
And many a breezy dawn upon the hills
Hath broke, and many a blushing eve gone down
Gilding the lofty snow-peaks, while those pines
Waving in beauty mark'd them,—one same wind

Has bow'd them with one breath, and they have answer'd
 Each to the other's whisper, since when erst
 Shot the first branches upon either's stem.
 Now years have passed since then ;—one lightning glance
 Hath blasted both, and still the old sapless patriarchs*
 Tower on together ; and (their frail old heads
 Propp'd either by the other) still they stand
 Tried friends and true, to perish in one fall !
 But lo ! the winds among the mountain tops
 Hoarse booming from afar, have rous'd the eagle !
 And scudding from his eyrie in the clefts,
 He meets and mounts the tempest as a steed

* This description of the two old and blasted pines—(which is a faithful though feeble copy "from nature")—was embodied in the letter press that accompanied my "Views of Simla." And on my reading it to Mr. Leigh Hunt, (after their publication) that gentleman objected to the idea of comparing a tree to a patriarch—as involving a confusion of metaphors. Nevertheless, I have good authority for investing the tall tree with human attributes. The ancients, as all the world knows, commonly called the leaves of trees, "hairs"—thereby identifying them with human or at least with animal beings ;—and Moore, after them, says, and *well* says, "Th' acacia waves her yellow-hair ;" and Tennyson has "Came *wet-shod* alder from the wave ;" and (not needlessly to multiply examples,) Spenser compares the lily to a lady ; and Leigh Hunt himself says "The lovely lady-lily looking gently down !" And Coleridge calls the birch "the Lady of the woods."

Fleet, fiery, but well back'd,—or as a spirit
 Might meet his spirit-foe, and war on high .
 Nor vanquishing nor vanquish'd.—O! the joy,
 The deep, deep joy of that glad, gallant bird
 Hieing away, away above the clouds,
 With black sail spread, bold pirate of the skies,
 And cleaving thro' the very breast of heaven!
 O God! but one wild hour of that wild joy,
 And earth could nothing offer! . . . Now, by starts,
 Still darts the moon athwart him, as some cloud *
 Floats from her gentle visage;—proud and fierce,
 Still he speeds onwards thro' the worlds of gloom
 To where some large star glimmers ere it fade,
 Or thunders hurtle 'neath the cloud he rides,
 Or th' storm fiend quivers forth his lightning glance
 Livid and pale as passion, o'er the surface
 Of the lake's sea-like surges;
 He has passed,
 And gladness be his comrade in the storm!

* , * * * * *

Again I look upon the night! The rain
 Still hangs o'er leaf and blade, and yet the tempest

Hath passed like some dread dream that shakes the slumber
 Of beauteous maid, who, calm'd by prayer, again
 Sleeps with the tear-drop wet upon her cheek :—
 Yea, all is calm again as erst ! Once more
 I wander where the soft and thoughtful light
 Of stars (late hidden), from betwixt the tops
 Gleams of time-hallow'd pine trees ; and do mark
 While fitfully the dying breezes moan,
 How their heads wave among those blessèd lights,
 Looking in love to Heaven. O ! what thoughts,
 What hallow'd thoughts descend upon my heart,
 (As moonlight over ocean), when I mind
 How darkness and misrule—the tyrant king
 And worse than tyrant priest—have smote like curses
 This fair and fertile land,—

Yet not for ever,

O ! not for ever, gracious Lord, remember
 Thine anger on the nation !—false albeit,
 Feeble, and false, and crime-stained ; slavish, therefore
 The fashioners of tyrants ; and as tyrannous
 As ever are the slavish when begirt
 With power to rule o'er others ; not for ever,

Yea, not for ever, O my God, be laid
 Thy curse upon the nation. But vouchsafe'
 At length to kindle in each heart the spirit
 To shake off, and for aye, this olden ill
 Of tyranny and priestcraft !

Oh, bow down !

O Lord ! bow down thine ear, bow down and hear
 The prayer of sinner for his fellow-men ;
 And unto man ev'n *here*, vouchsafe a soul
 Not ill unfitted for *Thy* blessed image !

And oh, for *thee*, my noble fatherland,
 A proud day and a glad day will it be
 For *Thee*, when these shall stand erect like men,
 The sable and the feeble, whom we strive
 To lift ev'n now from homage at our feet,
 Yet strive well nigh in vain ! A proud, glad day
 When from thy sons they catch all letter'd lore—
 All intellectual life, all gentlest hopes,
 All trust (tho' tardy) where the Christian trusts,—
 All love of Freedom as the Freeman loves,
 All honourable thoughts,—till each still judging

His fellow by *himself*,—yet not still seeing
 Thus cause to write him villain, man on man
 Shall rest, and the broad nation on itself,
 And the low, deep, yet strong and dauntless cry
 Of a regenerate people shall be “FREEDOM !”
 And they shall win it as their guerdon meet,
 And they shall wear it with a thoughtful joy.

Then in God's eye and man's, shall that not be
 A moment of sweet triumph, O my country
 To *thee*, thou “bulwark of the cause of men ?”
 And will not the Almighty God vouchsafe
 Yet greater favour to thy sons, because
 They shall have worshipp'd liberty *too* deeply
 Not to extend *her* worship and *His* own ?

Yea, year on year, cycle on cycle, in its voiceless lapse
 Shall find them still the favour'd and the free ;
 And He who made them shall preserve them glorious,
 Because they glory in no nation's fall !

THE DEATH OF THE POETESS.*

THE lovely minstrel gaz'd on earth and sky
Long, sadly gaz'd,—then turn'd her round to die!
—What had her doom been? What that should belong
To that bright being of ecstatic song,—
The minstrel of the meek and holy heart,
The beautiful, who made her heavenly art
Sacred to God who gave its quenchless fire,
—Sacred as anthems of some heavenly choir:—
—*What* had it been, alas! to pass thro' earth
Mated to one who knew not of her worth;
Or, knowing, hated it and envied too,
—Loathing the beautiful, as demons do!

* These lines were written on the death of one of the finest English poetesses of this age.—A hundred good reasons, however, might be given for suppressing the gifted lady's name.

And yet she lov'd him ; yet in earlier days ,
A world's applausè seem'd nothing to *his* praise,
Whom her young fancy had array'd in light,
As Dawn sheds rose-tints o'er the shades of night.
—Her very lyre she were content to break,
(*Her* lyre!)—as valueless, for his dear sake
Who look'd so coldly on her gentle art,
That should have drawn her closer to his heart,
To see her glory over thousands thrown,
Yet know her love, her beauty, all his own !
Yet still the fiend forsook her ! And that stroke
That crush'd her heart, her ~~and~~ harp re-awoke
To be her constant stay through years of pain,
Though years made pleasureless, thro' his disdain,
—Save for that secret consciousness of power,
That holy solace, (let affliction low'r
With all its gloomy horrors as it may,)
That never yet let anguish *wholly* slay
The meek apostle of the heavenly art
Who “bears his faculties” with humble heart.—
So Poësy thence to her was all in all ;
And, while she held whole nations in her thrall,

She too ~~was~~ solac'd by her ~~own~~ sweet lay,
 —Looking on earth to sing, on heaven to pray !.
 —But now, ah now ! upon her deathbed cold
 How turns her heart to scenes belov'd of old ?
 —How strive, with hopes and loves, and memories riven,
 Thoughts that should all be consecrate to Heaven ;
 —The Past and Future ! Awful is their strife
 While Death is opening the gates of life !
 The Present she beholds not ! Not for her
 Seemeth the balmy twilight to defer
 Its parting, that more deeply she may drink
 Of earthly beauties, on that awful brink.

— The evening's gorgeous banners have unroll'd
 Their radiant tracery of rose and gold,
 O'er purple hills and wooded valleys, spread
 Where flows a stately stream to Ocean's bed ;
 'Mid marts and citadels, and fleets that tower
 Steep'd in the light of that delicious hour :—
 But what to *her* are these ? Her spirit strays
 Back to the wild haunts of her girlish days,
 'Mid the tall mountains,—to her father's home—
 Where erst, a thoughtful child, she went to roam,

Watching the changes of the sea and sky,
And filling her young soul with poesy!
— She thinks of all those happy early years
Unstain'd by ev'n the memory of tears!
And many friends before her vision rise,
Some gone before her to their kindred skies;
Some far, yet fond; and if some few estrang'd,
To her meek heart at least they seem unchang'd.
— And now *he* comes! How doth *that* phantom shake
Life's latest sands! What thoughts doth it awake?
What wrecks lay bare of bliss that would not last,
— Strewing the blank waste present with the past?
Yea, now *his* phantom rises, as when first
His radiance o'er her happy girlhood burst,
— Glorious in all the promise of his youth,
So fair, he seem'd the very shrine of truth;—
Her warrior lord, the beautiful, the brave
— Ev'n like a god, to cherish or to save!
. . . . The phantom brightens! Has it magic *still*
That fond but well nigh pulseless heart to thrill?
Oh it has power her very soul to shake,
Till death were happiness for his sweet sake,

So he indeed might clasp her death-cold hand
And speak to her indeed in accents bland,
And prop her dying head, and soothe, and cheer,
And bless her parting with one holy tear !
. Alas ! he comes not ! Through the blank lone
night,

(While strange and vague imaginings affright)
The doom'd one, starting from her fever'd sleep,
How hath she watch'd to think of him and weep !
How watch'd to weep, counting those few bright days
When less she thought of heaven than his praise,
Or brighter deem'd it for the hope that he
Would roam with her its blest infinity !
. . . . He comes not ! Feebler grows her fainting breath ;
The sun has set : she turns her round to Death !
Her soul is communing with God alone,
Yet still she blends his welfare with her own ;
— As through her whole life's prayers, so in her last
Blessing him—with her death-sigh ere 't is past !

— When flew her angel spirit to the skies,
None know ! Alas ! her meek and holy eyes

Not ev'n the hirelings sought to close, till death
Had kiss'd and froze them with his icy breath !
— She died ! And o'er that bright and holy head
Now mouldering in the dark and breathless tomb,
A nation's tears of grief and pride were shed ;
And thousands, mourning o'er the bright one's doom,
Are sooth'd and cheer'd yet chasten'd, by the spell
That with the music of her numbers fell.
Yet who that sorrows o'er the lady's doom
With all its early blight, its early gloom,
— Would, if he could, replace the deathless fame
That numbers thrilling as her own must claim,
By ev'n the least alloy'd foretaste of Heaven
That ever yet to mortal heart was given ?
Not he who mourns her *most* ! for he must deem
Her commune high with every varied theme
That only charms when magic like her own
Is o'er the moral or the legend thrown,
When gentlest impulses and feelings throng,
And quicken 'neath the sunny light of song,
— Is guerdon all enough to solace those,
Whate'er their griefs, on whom its glory flows !

To touch, to thrill, to sanctify the heart,
To act in life an ev'n angelic part,
Yet with such beauty o'er each action thrown
As stamp'd that angel character her own ;
— To win without an effort *glory's* goal ;
Yet, more and more to purify her soul
By ev'ry new imagining, whose birth
Yet more and more endear'd her unto earth ;
— So to have liv'd, so died,—oh, even Fame
Owns, while she cherishes her favourite's name,
Were lot so bright as even might repay
Angels for some short hours of care and clay !

STANZAS.

I.

'T is said that all things beautiful grow old,
But still, almost, that doctrine I deny ;
— For while thy youthful beauties I enfold,
And feel the sunshine of thy loving eye,
And drink the nectar of thy music sigh,
And catch thy smiles in pleasure's sinless glow,
Surely I see thy charms its truth belie,
— Thy charms thro' which such varying gr^oace doth flow
As never yet had liv'd (so never died) below !

II.

Methinks thou never canst wax old, sweet love ;
But when God willeth thee to reach the sky,
Thou in thy purity shalt hic above,
Ev'n as the gentle dew^s of morning hie !
— Yet, ah ! — If *so* to vanish were *to die*
EARLY, *like dew* ? Oh, never be, it so !
No ! Let Time cloud the heaven of thine eye,
And let each glossy tress be turn'd to snow, —
So, from these loving arms, thou dost not *early* go !

BLAKE'S LAST PICTURE.*

THERE lay the Poet-Painter—face to face
And eye to eye with death! *his tremorless,*
As though upon some roseate form he gaz'd—
Up winging to the heavens, some sylphid shape,
Some *dream* of *beauty* he had treasur'd long
And painted oft,—in by-gone Manhood's prime :
Yet lone he lay, and old, and weak, and poor,
If loneliness it be to be forsak'n
—Of a whole world save only one fond wife ;
And old, if to be old it be to stand
Girt by green thoughts,—like children of lost youth
—Propping their sire, as ~~to~~ the *rooted shoots*
Of some old "Banyan" arch'd and immemorial
And vast as *woods* of common trees, and weak

* See Allan Cunningham's beautiful description of this incident, in his "Lives of the Painters."

If *he* be weak who is upheld of God
And humble faith in Christ, humble not less
For prayer like this—"Help Thou mine unbelief."
And poor, if poverty be his whom dreams
Gorgeous and beautiful as sunset clouds
Encompass at his dying,—dreams unlike
Those underfloods of thought where FAITH is NOT,
Sweeping the death-couch, as sad gushing streams
Traverse the hollow of some new sunk grave.—
The Dying Painter fear'd not—"perfect love
Had cast out fear;"—yet sorrow-smote was *he*,
For *her* who stood beside him and had stood
Beside him ever,—lovingly and long;—
First when they twain, betroth'd, had wander'd forth
In youth and promise—hope, and faith, and beauty,
And vigour and green innocence and all
That beautifies or sanctifies this earth:—
Next, when 'mid sickness, poverty, and strivings
(Mid revelations of the bright and good)
Yea, *yearnings* after Fame that came too late,
He, from his spirits' depths had conjur'd forth
Beings of beauty that shall never die;

—She was his stay through all! to smile, to praise,
 To whisper sunny hopes with breaking heart
 And love, love on (as only Woman loves)
 'Mid menial offices love—sanctified.—
 And who is it but she—who fair but dimm'd,
 Now stands beside him—(mournful as a ghost)
 Wrung by his agonies, herself forgot?

* * * *

Trembling, awhile he gaz'd,—his fainting sight
 Fill'd but with that dear image and his heart
 Flooded with whirling thoughts and vain regrets!
 And then the Dying Master (from the wing
 Of his most eagle-spirit, ere he shook
 The dust of earth) kindling with youth restor'd,
 Seiz'd once again the palette that he lov'd;—
 And sweeping,—(as a monarch of the lyre
 Dashing with mastery amid the strings
 Rouseth its chords to melody) his brush
 Over the canvass with a magic touch
 That waken'd all the many rosy sprites
 So often that had speeded to his call—
 Flung himself boldly on the floods of Thought!

* * *

Feebly he wrought at first—the dying man
 Wrestling 'gainst death and agony ;—but soon
 Like light on day-break clouds, touch upon touch,
 Tint upon tint, expression on expression
 The senseless canvass—(a new world from void !)
 Glow'd with created life !

Death, with propp'd head,

Meantime, beside the dying painter sat,
 Forgetting what he sought,—Death sat and gaz'd,
 His ghastly bones touching the painter's arm,
 Which nought did tremble ! yea, he sat and paus'd
 Forgetful gazing on that painting fair ;
 And inward promis'd that to perfect love
 It should be dedicate,—His Gift !

Meantime,

What strength the limning gain'd, the limner lost ;
 Yet on he wrought, as if his life's best blood
 Drop after drop gladly were dedicate
 (If such need were,) that token to achieve
 Which thought was framing for Love's memory !
 And now the deed is done.—On her he looks,

Then on the splendid portraiture—on her
With heart, eye, lip, and brow wearing the light,
Once yet again, of love that had been hers
How long thro' good and evil,—over it
Mournfully, mournfully, as fain, for her,
He would abide on earth—else little loved !—
But no ! the task is done ! Death his dread right
Resumeth as the last touch leaves the brush,
—Ev'n as tho' some scant gift of life and strength
Beyond allotted time, had been recalled ;
For straightway as the pencil falls, the flush
Passes away from forehead, lip, and cheek ;
And filmy shadowings are shutting out
The fires that thought and tenderness had lighted
Deep in the sick man's eyes ! Few words he speaks ;
He glances sadly on his gentle mate,
Then on the portrait ; then again on her ;
—Blesses her, sinks upon her breast and dies.

MY SISTER'S GRAVE.

THE damps of years hang o'er the clayey bed
That coldly pilloweth my sister's head ;
O'er the dark pent-house of thy deadly sleep,
Fanny, thy brother bends again—to weep ;
'To weep *he* also was not borne to rest
Beneath the sods that press his sister's breast.

II.

Yea, not for *thee*, thou gentle, pious one
Are strange tears lav'ing thy sepulchral stone.
Long—*long* ere Feeling's bane (Time's blighting tread)
Withers the spirit, had thy pure soul fled
With not one doubt upon its parting sigh ;
Maiden, 't is well for such as thou to die !

But / have little left to hope ; but few
 To fear or joy for ! The all blessed dew
 Of counsels pure, around us twain that hung
 Likens the rain* by heathen minstrel sung ;—
 Each drop a pearl upon *my* spirit floated,
 From mine it fell, to venom all transmuted.

IV.

In weariness of spirit I look back
 Upon thy sainted being's scanty track ;
 Love, smiles, and tears, sweet ministries of peace,
 And holy thoughts that rul'd and temper'd these,
 Rest there ; but not one thought I would efface
 From out the Eternal's record of that race.

V.

All that hath passed ! Yet we did wend together
 The faëry hours of childhood's April weather ;

* There is in Sanscrit a tradition that when the moon is in her fifteenth mansion, (the star Arcturus), rain descending upon shells, becomes pearls—but falling on a snake's head changes to poison.

And thy path should be mine, and I should be
 At least an humble emulant of thee,
 But Pride, and Passion,—bootless dreams of fame
 Leave little, save my love of thee, the same.

VI.

And now, beneath the cold bright stars,—alone
 With God,—I turn from thy heart to my own,
 And shrink to view the fearful change between
 'The thing I *am* and that I *might* have been ;
 And may not, cannot choose but weep to see
 My last vow unremember'd, and to *thee* !

VII.

'T was utter'd by thy deathbed ! thy sweet eye
 Gleam'd with false lustre, and the short quick sigh,
 The fever'd forehead, the attenuate frame,
 Token'd the parting of a deathless flame ;
 —Thy kiss, thy blessing, and that Book were given
 I vow'd to study,—but my vow is riven.

VIII.

Yea, fair dreams of amendment by thy death .
Came o'er my heart, too like the dulcet breath
Of far-off music over Ocean swelling,
Mouruful and beauteous, but *no surges quelling*.
—What marvel, lov'd one, that I fain would be
A sleeper in this quiet grave with thee !

A SKETCH

CHIEFLY FROM FANCY, THOUGH ORIGINALLY
SUGGESTED BY BYRON'S LIFE.

YOUNG, loving, beautiful, alone they stood,
Girt by youth's self-liv'd bliss, as by a glory
Which beams like dewy mists when morning steepens
Her silver clouds in rose-tints:—young, pure, fond,
Fair in each lineament, but fairer far
For all they hoped and trusted. Fair as dreams
Shone they,—as *home's* blest dreams, cheating the wand'rer
Back from his exil'd loneliness. Yet oft
Dim shadowings of strange unbidden fears
O'er the youth's full fair brow, like shades of clouds
Dark'ning some rock's side, shed the signs of thought
Lofty and calm, but sorrowful. Anon

Upon that young, fair, loving girl were turn'd
 His dark, wild, earnest eyes,—and then deep love,
 Quick kindled from those gentle orbs of hers,
 Would brighten them to gladness ;—Eventide,
 —With sleep o'er the brown woods, and 'mid the stars
 Silence,—was blushing round them as they stood
 Before the painter, with his quick, keen glance
 And thin frail hand—limning as Genius taught ;
 Still snatching at the rise of inward thought,
 Of spirit over feature, still arousing
 Each dormant feeling with most magic talk
 Changeful as sunrise skies !—There pictur'd lay
 The maiden's brow, shadow'd and lit with grace,
 The rich brown tresses,—golden long ago ;—
 — Eyes likest twilight skies, scarce blue, scarce grey,
 Deepening like Eve's own star ;—thin shell-like, rose lined,
 And delicatest nostrils—as violet leaf
 Translucent,—crescent as the youngest moon,
 And chisell'd as though these and the curved lips
 Were wrought for Medicean Venus :—lips
 (Sweet guardians to the truant, sparkling teeth)
 Dewy and fresh as roses when they steep

Their odorous blossoms in the morning mist ;
 Young budding breasts that scarce had learnt to heave
 Newly beneath the fair, round, pliant throat ;—
 — The small white fingers with their rosy palms
 And azure veins, like streams 'mid new warm'd snows,
 — The fairy foot,—the form whose symmetry,
 So spiritual yet so voluptuous,
 Might well have grac'd the glorious progeny
 Of first earth's daughters and their angel lovers ;
 — All lay there to the life !—And he was there,
 He too,—her young, brave, thoughtful, beauteous lord,
 Those short, bright, raven-curls, shadowing a brow
 Ample and towering as a Shakspeare's ;—eyes
 Glorious and dark and bright as Southern nights
 With all their stars and storms ; and lips, young lips,—
 So full of thought and passion, earth and heaven,
 Lustre and gloom, (like one same tropic cloud)
 As never should grow old ; and that same shape
 Faultless, and godlike as though sin, or sorrow
 Never should dim or droop it ;—there lay all
 Ev'n as they stood in life.—And 'twixt those twain
 And that most-cunning flimning, many times

Travell'd mine eye in silence, 'till sad thoughts
 Would dim the glad ones that had sprung from sight
 Of young, bright, trustful loves,—(albeit mine own
 Slept in her grave!)—sad thoughts, like some false note
 Marring most dulcet music.—Onward drave
 Thought, through the shadowy future, till vague hopes
 And gloomy fears lay blent as in a dream!—
 —I could but turn to *bless* them where they stood.

* * * * *

Years hurried on—years that were fraught, for me
 With exil'd, wand'ring and sore mental toil;
 Years pass'd away and I at length regain'd
 The long lost haunts of boyhood.—How I pictur'd
 The dreary changes wrought o'er many an object
 Of former loves and interests,—by the grave,
 Sickness, or sin, or sorrow, or bright fortune
 That oft transmutes swiftly as death itself!
 And then grew pictures of that youthful pair
 Long pledg'd, now long since mated; and conjoin'd
Harmoniously;—yca, beautifully pair'd
 As cuckoo's sweet twin notes; thus I pourtray'd

The youth's old halls, girt by Spring's laughing lustre ;
 The heav'ns all glad with fleece, and breeze, and beam,
 And breeze wing'd music from far minster peal,
 And happy, tireless birds that singing soar'd
 Heavenly almost as fleece, or breeze, or beam !—
 While bee and butterfly seem'd dallying ever
 'Neath broad old oaks, chestnuts, and wind-topp'd pines,
 'Mid many a bursting bud and dewy flower,
 Fed by fay-haunted rills.—The spotted deer
 Slumber'd, or stray'd like sylvan sprites, beneath
 The pulse-like quivering of the living stars,
 The broad, still moonlight or the noontide's shadows
 —And sportive, high-born children, beautiful
 As buoyant fawns, play'd round ; and happy homes
 Girt the domain,—bright, happy cottage homes
 Basking 'neath kindly landlord ;—*such* the picture
 Fancy had conjur'd round a fair young matron
 Whose loving eyes,—more thoughtful, not less bright,—
 Beam'd blessings on her young, proud, happy lord,
 And those, her babes and his !

What was the truth ?

Honours had circled, and a nation's praise

Ennobl'd that bright being,—now a man ;
And his keen spirit, and impassion'd heart
Had drunk together deeply at the well
Of that sweet lady's beauty ; and the love
And grace, and gentleness, therein that lay,
Therefrom that came, had visited and swept
Both soul and sense, until his heart ran o'er
With myriads of high visions, that resolv'd
Their wealth, in poësy ! And yet how far
Is all that seems from all that is !—His heart
Was hers and only hers,—his spirit lov'd
To bask beneath the soft and twilight thoughts
That still illum'd her gentler soul with hopes
Rosy as twilight fleece when first the moon
Shoots from a rifted cleft in some black cloud,
Like any God's veiled eye-beams.—

• Yet would thoughts
Assail his soul to make it recreant from
His faith in her ; and he would muse and muse
Until well nigh apostate turn'd his heart
To its own deep religion,—which is love ;—
Yea, recreant almost to his gentlest mate

—To her who had brought him all her heart's first-fruits
 Of trustful tenderness,—a breast that teem'd
 With pure affections,—pity, charity ;
 Temper as sweet as e'er lit woman's cheek
 With angel smile ; ne'er clouded cheerfulness ;
 And simple, precious thoughts ; and trust in Christ
 Perfect as in God's bless'd light at noon ;
 —Was it insanity, that overlooking
 Such precious gifts,—which God had made his own,
 And breaking up his happiness—as children
 Break up their toys to gather what they 're made of,—
 He still would deem—and dream—if he were dead
 Or any wayward accident had sunder'd
 Their bands of union ere the bridal day,
 The lips that he had press'd, the young, bright form
 So often that had nestled in his arms,
 Would soon have been, or soon would be, the prize
 Of any *new* love ?—Was 't insanity
 That such not culpable alternative
 He could not contemplate ? That so in sin,
 Sorrow, and agony, that youth transform'd
 Thin shadows into demons ? She would have toil'd

A hireling ; would have taught that seraph voice
 To struggle—(in *vain* effort!)—to imbue
 Each wealthy dullard with 'ts own melody;—
 Have broider'd, sung, painted, nay begg'd for bread,
 Rather than render aught that had been his
 --Aught that *his* love had sanctified and scal'd—
 To any other lord.

And still, sometimes
 'Mid their vast groves, or thro' the birchwood lone,
 Or by the lake, or by the waterfall
 Where, in past days, so often had they roam'd,—
 Her gentle head upon his shoulder leant,
 She still would whisper all her love, and he
 Still press her to his heart—blest for awhile,
 Trustful, and blest, and blessing, as of old !
 --Still gloom return'd ;—still would some shadowy fiend
 Whisper he was not lov'd, or might have been,
 And should be, better lov'd.—Year after year
 Such was his way of life ! Now fitful hope,
 A vague sense of injustice, and a feeling
 Fond, pure, but spiritual and too highly wrought
 Would win him back to love, and to herself,

To his own gentler nature, and to Home,
 With all its quiet lapse of happy days
 Wandering as blithely, as, 'mid leaf and blade,
 Speeds any laughing runnel thro' the woods!—
 But musings lone, and feelings overwrought
 (Of Genius, heritage, and penalty!)
 Still would recur, to curse those youthful hearts,
 Else deeply, wholly, passionately blest!—
 What was the product of his public fame?
Happiness?—*Such* like happiness, as erst
 Fell upon him, who, by the lorn Dead Sea,
 Spat from his dusty lips the "fruit-like ashes!"
 Thirst for applause that scarcely aught of praise
 Could quench or satisfy, conspired in him
 With quickness of perception, to engender
 Suspicion most of praise where praise was most.
 —Lofty imaginings, and high lone feelings,
 Repinings vain; pantings for solitude;
 And utter weariness of *present* good,
 All token'd struggles of the slave of Fame,
 With Fame's bright chains deep "enter'd in his soul;"
 Ev'n thus—so gifted and so organiz'd,

He soar'd in the thin air of Godlike Thought,
Now *up*-borne by his nature 'bove his kind,
Now by the self same nature *downward* drawn
Through sympathies, affections, back to earth ;
—But oh ! *how* back to earth ?

That disabus'd
Of all illusion, he his race might mark
Naked and crook'd in its infirmity !
That all the freshness meet for youthful hearts
Might dull, droop, sicken, wither, fall away,
Whilst gangrene on his spirit fell, deep sense
Of all the folly of life's best pursuits,
The insipidity of life itself,
The hollowness of love,—of all its ties
The miserable feebleness,—and (last,
But worst)—in worth, cold worldly unbelief ;
All palsied, blighted up, “ *The Beautiful* ”
In that young heart so beautiful of old !
Such now he was ; save when communion high
Held he with thoughts' dead monarchs ; or the lights
Watch'd on fair Nature's visage—that arous'd
Thoughts sad but sweet, gushing with poetry.—

And sometimes would he pace, in star and moonlight,
 The time-worn, echoing Minster, whose arch'd windows
 Black and colossal, 'neath the giant towers
 Glanc'd icy, tall, ghostlike and shadowy,
 Over the city's hush'd voice up to heaven.—
 Himself the while how stricken—as he stood
 Lean, gaunt, and wan!—his black and curling locks
 How thinn'd about the high, broad temples, where
 Thoughts that were scarce of earth, had pal'd the hue
 And *early* streak'd the surface;—and that eye
 So bright, so wild, so beautiful of old,
 How lost its choicest grace; (the light of Hope,
 That shone so late, the spirit of his life;)
 As blank—blank, waste,—year after year, apace
 Wander'd his youth unblest, unwept, away!—

Meantime, his gentle, loving, lonely lady
 How was it with *her* heart? Pure holy hopes
 Such as do meetly fill a woman's breast,
 Were still about her path, about her heart;
 But not ev'n these had power to pluck away
 Thoughts all pre-occupied by cares for him;

With bootless hopes and cares,—as 'mid her tasks
 Her gentle household task, she would await
 His coming step as eagerly and long
 And tirelessly as sick and sad eyes seek,
 Hour after hour, the first rose-streaks of Dawn.
 Once I beheld her, as the thoughtful stars
 Before the lattice of her silent bower
 Watch'd she with dewy eyes, thoughtful and kind,
 Ev'n as those weir'd, high worlds ;—a very picture
 Such as some painter-genius might devote
 A youth to imitate.—Half light, half shadow,
 Her drapery, yielding outline or yet more,
 Of neck and bosom in their own beauty gleaming ;
 Her arms above that bosom lightly cross'd,
 All in the attitude of earnest prayer ;
 And arms, and neck, and bosom, half conceal'd
 By dark rich auburn tresses,—that appear'd
 Darker for darkness 'gainst the shoulder's slope
 The fair round bosom's moulded symmetry.
 But oh ! that melancholy face,—so fair,
 Gentle, and beautiful, tho' saddest thought
 Haunted the forehead fair and parted lips,

And earnest, *angel* eyes,—that was the picture
 To haunt the Painter's sleep!—Sublimity
 Simple and holy, round her yet few years,—
 —And Loneliness,—seem'd cast;—and Superstition
 (*I* knew) had blent with both;—'t was but a spirit
 Call'd from the depths of an unfathomable
 And mighty love!—She knew not *I* too heard
 The breaking of the lake upon the shore,
 The only sound,—while 'mid *unwavering* pines
 Its far off waters glimmer'd, as the moon
 Hied to her empire—deepening—(as she stole
 Along that universal scent)—the awe
 The holiness, the beauty.—

Then she wept;

The lady wept over the phantom forms
 Of joys still dear to her, tho' perish'd all—
 Did she remember that the voice whose spells
 Upconj'ur'd, disenchanted them again?
 Had she no scorn for the unworthy love
 That faded ev'n before her beauty? Had she
 No scorn? Nor would she no revenge?—tho' men
 Were ready all to sigh about her feet;

To swear that she was faultless,—they her slaves,
And he a miscreant whom 't were base to love—
And spiritless to mourn for? That sweet lady
Oh she would none of this. She had her God
'To comfort her, above;—She had the grave
To promise her its early rest, below!—

And soon it open'd for her!—One fair morn
Such as one might have chosen from the rest
To picture Autumn,—when her handmaidens
Stole to awake her from that broken sleep
She lov'd to lose towards morning—there she lay
White, icy, beautiful as marble form
That makes some sculptor deathless!

She was dead,

And there the beautiful and speaking eyes
That once shone out so redolent of love
And thought and sparkling happiness, lay closed
Or nearly closed above the long jet fringes
That, downwards arch'd, lay shutting in the gloom
Of Death's dull stare, and lying o'er the cheek
That lack'd no foil!—The mouth's soft chiselling

Still lay unalter'd, though the ruby flush
 Of life had left it—and the pearly teeth
 Still flash'd betwixt them, as of erst—undimn'd,
 Immaculate, untainted ;

Morning's breath

Play'd thro' her tresses, and the small bird's song
 Came wafted on its pinions pleasantly,
 Sweeping above her corpse : the little birds,
 Twittering, they play'd below,—amid the flowers,—
 Awaiting blithely their accustom'd meal
 From her—whose only happiness was love,
 Tho' love wrought *her* first agony.—

No more—

Alas, no more !—What would it boot to tell
 How soon the grave now closing over her
 Shall ope for him—the faulty loving one
 Whose ever brooding, too refining soul
 Wrought all their misery ! What would it boot
 To pause and tell how with her dank, cold hair
 Now again play'd his fingers,—how he clasp'd
 These clos'd and stiff, yet beauteous hands,—or press'd
 The hard bleak bosom of his only love,

His first, his last—his beautiful ! Or how
 Day after day he wasted,—by her ghost
 Nought haunted, but by conscience !—

Let him pass !

Let him go down unto his early grave
 Beside his early love—but oh let us
 Who live to note his errors and her woes,
 Let us less blame than ponder, mourningly,
 That they who give to love its spell and song
 (Making men sometime angels,) oft love on
 As none else love ;—knowing no happiness !

THE HALF-PAY OFFICER AT THE
REVIEW.

BALD, bald as an old eagle, whose fiercely light'ning eye
Flasheth as ere his wing of old first blent with star and sky;
Bald, stern, and old, and lone he stands, while hopes, a
perished train,

Sweep, as sear leaves some wasting stream, the veteran's
heart and brain!

And look (as at the bugle's note some frail old war-horse
bounds),

His heart leaps up—*how* it leaps up!—at War's remem-
bered sounds.

The trumpets bray, the chargers neigh; the soldiers'
measured tread

Is earnest as where battle plains are strewn with new-
smote dead;

And fair lips smile, and bright eyes shine, above that
mimic show

Of war that dims the brightest eyes, wrings fairest lips
with woe.

All pass! The glad, high-hoping young—were *his young*
hopes *less* high?—

The scarce matured, whose *gold* hath bought what his
blood failed to buy;

The old, the few high, lordly old, whose honour-circled
brow

Were poor in *inward* worth and wealth to his who marks
them now!

—Who, poor but proud, in fancy marks how every
soldier's eye

Mockingly glanceth over *him*, then coldly passeth by!

Yet proudly on the scene he looks, with heart too
deeply fraught

With “ashes of his wonted fires” to own *no* kindling
thought

Of onsets and the tented field, his first proud battle-day,
And manhood's earliest hopes, like sprites, just seen, to
flit away!

Yet, oh ! those sprites *still* throng around, thrilling with
memories old

Of moments when his counsel sway'd the wise, the aged,
 the bold ;

Or when his graceful homage, erst, in fashion's festal hall,
 Oft held each loveliest listener in charm'd and willing
 thrall ;

Or dearer, happier than all, when lone in summer bower
 Or by the stream, or by the wood, in autumn's twilight hour,
 His earnest tones, his winning smile, had wove their
 pleasant spell

O'er one who heard in quiet bliss too deep for tongue to tell !
 Who heard,—the still tear in her eye, the passion at her
 heart ;

Oh God ! that two so link'd in bliss, in agony should *part* !
 That *first* love's dawning in the heart, so beautiful and
 bright,

Is still like that false tropic morn that sinks again in *night* !

But, lo ! again they near, they wheel ; No ! where each
 gallant throng
 Charge, — as where, in red War's van, host hurleth
 host along, —

Where, front to front, and foe to foe, in fierce and mortal
fight,

How many a day that veteran grey hath "battled for
the right!"

And now,—oh, mark him where he stands!—he thinks
not of his wrongs,

While each brave battle fought and won, back upon
memory throngs;

He only asks, he only prays, for *one more* battle plain,
To fight the good fight for his Queen, to crush her foes
again;

—One field to pay back good for ill, in vengeance proud
and high,

To bleed again in Britain's cause, huzza for her, and die!

DEATH OF THE GEORGIAN GIRL

THE dawn was breaking ;—chilly as the breath
Of dying man, o'er Bildith's beauteous bay
And mountains stern, sped night's last sigh of death,
As 'neath the palms a Georgian virgin lay, ,
Watching where morning 'op'd her eye of grey ;—
The maid was speeding to her mortal home,
And sadly wist, and well, that that sweet day
Must die above her lone and desert tomb,
But Allah was her trust, prayer sooth'd her bitter doom

II. •

Mutely she pray'd !—With earth, and love, and dread
(Her fairy earth, her young scarce utter'd love,
And fear to join the dark bands of the dead,)
In bitterness her angel-spirit strove ;

But faith hung o'er her, like the patriarch's dove,
 Tho' potent still the chains by which her heart
 Join'd earth,—(as quick the dead;*) yet well she strove
 Of early death to bear the bitter smart,
 And soon was that pure girl full ready to depart.

III.

Still 't was a strange and fearful gush of thought
 That o'er the young, fair, dying lady flow'd,
 As memory and fear before her brought
 Follies and faults, a wild and shapeless crowd!
 O'er her mind's wastes the bodiless visions strode,
 Peopling its gloom,—as sprites some midnight dell
 With mad, wild rites, what time step ne'er hath trod
 Of *gladsome* wand'rer o'er their mystic magic fell,
 —Such throngs her heart assail, at death the sorcerer's
 spell.

* This alludes to the story of the two prisoners, whose enchainment together was prolonged by an Eastern tyrant, after the death of one of the party.

IV.

The tall dates wav'd above; the wan, white stars
 Twinkling beneath, betwixt, around their heads,
 Faded like Tropic nautili, when mars
 Some new woke breeze their slumber; or as beads
 Perish, of morn's dew diamonds, when speeds
 Day's laughing lustre thro' the limitless sky;
 A small sweet stream to Ocean, thro' the weeds
 Of many a palmy dell stole blithely by,
 Chafing the green ravines and grey rocks ceaselessly.

V.

And now from off the clear and garish hills
 Morn's cold, white lights are standing; the dull moon
 Sinks o'er the deep, whose silvery tribute-rills
 Kingle to gold: around the tents are strewn
 Camels, steeds, horsemen, by the matin tune
 Of birds arous'd;—while swiftly speeds the tale
 (Whose tardiest sounds would journey all too soon,
 Dimming bright eyes, and quaking rude brows pale)—
 Of death to that sweet flower, of woe to that fair vale.

VI.

Feebler she grew ! and in her soft, dark eye
Her proud but weeping father wildly trac'd
The presage of her coming agony,
As in the light it glinted, dull and glaz'd,
While, leaning on his loving arm, she rais'd
Her fair and witching face,—now faint and wan
—(Where blighted hopes their sluggish current chas'd
Like wither'd leaves, some wasting rill upon,)
To where the slumb'ring deep with morn's first blushes
shone.

VII.

Her life was on her lip, like bright wine flashing
From off a rich and crystal goblet's brim,
Pure, sparkling, glorious ; but death is dashing
The chalice to the bleak earth, dark and dim !
Her spirit's wings are spread, again to skim
Above the mists of earth, and death, and time,
Where stars watch on like singing Seraphim,
With morn and eve, twin births, o'er change and clime
A part of Nature's self, unfetter'd and sublime !

VIII.

But one was there to shake her dying sands;
Not he she lov'd, but one, a pale brow'd youth
And thoughtful; with the garb of Western lands,
And a staid, quiet bearing, as tho' truth
Had been his search and guerdon;—bringing ruth
For the world's lovers, and a new heart, fraught
With hopes, and glad foregoings of the smooth
And pleasant ways of life, for travail wrought
Through Christ; and thus he spake, with pious zeal o'er-
straught.

IX.

“Maiden, thy days are told; thou dost endure
Meekly thy doom; yet ah! be thine the need
Ev'n at this late, last hour, to own the pure
And spotless virtues of *our* holiest creed:
Ah! kiss His blessed cross who deign'd to bleed,
That sinning man should bless his name, and learn
That His arm ‘will not break the bruised reed,’
But ‘gathereth the lambs!’—Sweet maiden spurn
All hope thro' aught save Christ, to win His heavenly
bourne!”

X.

She answer'd not, she wav'ed not, alone
Upon Creation's dizzy brink she stood ;
Shespake not, breath'd not, mov'd not ; there wasthrown
O'er her young brow the light of prayer, the mood
Of deepest trust, and pious gratitude,
Blent with the shadowings of mortal pain ;
And then it seem'd as tho' some radiant flood
Soar'd nigh, of angel-spirits, to sustain
Her dying heart, and whisper, "Death to *thee* is gain."

XI.

And wherefore *not* ? yea, wherefore not ? what deed,
What speech, what thought of sin, did ever move
The holy bosom of that simple maid ?
So trustful in her Fathers' creed ; in love
So loving ;—so ministrant to the need
Of all, *in* all ! to kiss the rod so bow'd !
— Yea, who *dare* say that Heaven has decreed
A curse on whoc^o such spotless paths have trod ?
Who dare say this sweet saint has pass'd away from God ?

THE CHAINED EAGLE.

DAY glimmereth ! Yet another day
To linger, like the past, away ;
—Wak'd, watch'd and long'd for, but to near
That *last* one of my sojourn here ;
Whose quivering throes of helplessness
These chains, which hasten, will repress—
Troubling my death like murderer lying
Over the last pangs of the dying !—

Dawn ! But no hope ! I may not shroud
My dimm'd orbs in the tempest-cloud,
Nor slake my breath in waters riven
From the cloud-hidden breast of Heaven,
—Nor soar where winds at midnight deep
Seem whispering the stars to sleep

And Eternity keeps vigil over
Time, like some earth-charm'd Angel-lover ! .
—My heart is wither'd and my wing
Has grown a powerless earthly thing !

Morn, but no joy ! Accurs'd be thou
Who brought'st the happy eagle low !
—Banning his flight across the steep
Where lawines* near his eyrie sweep,
His wanderings—when sun-beams break
Far 'neath upon the rippling lake,
A ad matin bells are softly stealing
Across it with their merry pealing,—
To quaff the spring-dew at its birth
Untouch'd, unblemishèd by earth,
Or see Eve's latest blushes glow
O'er torrent, tree and peak of snow ;
—All this *was* mine ! Sky, earth, and sea
Are beauteous still—but not for me !

Type of thy God ! *Why* check the strife
The fierce joys of the eagle's life ?

* Lawine—the Avalanche

Was it from envy of his race
Through cloudless realms of light and space,
Where distance yields *one* nether sight
Of Orient day and Western night ?
His soarings on the upward gale .
To pass the young moon, as a sail
Met by the swallow on his race
Over the sky-like Ocean's face ?
Or flight's where lightning leaves its nest
Quicken'd upon the storm-clouds breast ?
His days were bright as breezes are
Around some fair and radiant star,
—Soul-fraught ! *Why* enviedst thou the strife,
The brief bliss of the wild bird's life ?

Say—musing where in star-lit dell
Some mountain's giant waters fell,
And chill (the cedar trunks among,)
Winds, like a night ghost, moan'd along,
And glaciers with the radiance glow'd
Of wintry moon and fleecy cloud,
Say—did my passing image mar
Thy soul's speech with the dead and far,

Or draw one thought of Heavenly birth
Down to the sullied things of earth?
Yet sure 't was slight crime not to fear
Men as the despots they appear,
To deem earth, heaven, and breeze, and sea,
Worlds wide enough for thee and me !

Upon the wing—upon the blast—
'T were little to have met my last,
(Haply by flying all too near
The lightning others shun in fear)
And dash'd upon some cataract's breast
Roll on to Ocean's meet unrest ;
Else—in some after day—to assuage
The madd'ning impotence of age—
As high, and higher, bent to die,
I wing'd my faint course through the sky,
Still proudly on, still wild to soar,
'Till wing and frame could bear no more,
And wing and being droop'd together
In life's dull changeless wintry weather,
—Still drinking deep the breath of Heaven
At length to fall, life's last link river,

Meeting the glacier's icy brow
Or 'neath some snow-drift buried low ;
—By age, by famine, bolt, or ball,
'T were little swift and free to fall ;
At any time, by any death
The eagle dare resign his breath ;
But *life* he cannot, may not dare,
Barr'd out from light, and wave and air.

THE WIDOW.

MY God! And can it, can it be that I am all alone?
That ne'er again of that dear voice one deep yet tender tone
Shall whisper, with Truth's witchery and music, as of old,
Love's precious tale, that never tir'd tho' all so often told
—I pause, I start, I picture him, I linger o'er the past,
While bitter tears are welling forth unconsciously and fast;
I dream and meet him, wake to weep, then seek the mid-
night skies,
Only to see in each sweet star his lost belovèd eyes,
That gaze—he *told* me they should gaze,—in guardianship
and love
(If God permit) adown on me, from those glad worlds above!

—I watch till musing leads to prayer, and in each orb I see
A pure high hope that, smiling, lights the dread eternity;

Till, deep in meditation rapt, as hour glides after hour,
My soul is bow'd, my heart is stirr'd, beneath the God-
head's power,

And ev'n 'mid gushing tears I know I should not feel alone,
I know I should not mourn like one whose ev'ry hope is
flown :—

—Yet still, (too soon, too suddenly !) with sharp quick
throb of pain,

My heart sinks *back* to earth,—Oh God ! I am alone again !

LINES

ON THE MARBLE ROCKS AT BHERA GHAT.*

I.

MOST sweet it is, over the azure river

Now dimm'd by woods, now free in starlight glist'ning,
While day and night seem friends too fond to sever,

'To wander thus to their sweet whispers list'ning,
While each late breeze sweeps o'er the stream's still bosom,
And quiet dews are shutting ev'ry blossom.—

* These are certain lofty and precipitous rocks of white marble which stand on either side of the Nerbudda (near Jubbulpoor in Central India), and whose bases are washed, to the height of at least eight feet, by that clear and noble river. In form and height they closely resemble the limestone precipices that overhang the lower Avon at Clifton; though in the particular of colour, these latter cannot for a moment compete with the wondrous beauty of their cold, white masses. Unlike the Clifton rocks, moreover, those at Bheraghât are richly wooded at their summits, and those summits, by the way, form the beginning (should I not say the end?) of two table lands so extensive as to warrant the belief that they were at some remote period undivided,—and that their separation was occasioned by some such gigantic throes of "our great mother," as that which forced up the Himalayas from their submarine watering

Now Dian with her silver crescent bow

Steps from the woods, as fair as when of old,
(With love far purer than the worldlings know,)

She eyed Endymion with looks fair but cold ;
—Cold beauteous looks, more cold or beauteous never
Than now they fall upon this desert river.

III.

The rocks look down all solemnly, their crags

(Marble and snowy white as Alpine steep) .
Hanging above the flood, like one who lags

Over a rift to see a torrent leap,
Yet, watching o'er the moonlight river lie,
As over Time watcheth Eternity !—

places. Hence, as they at present stand, these beautiful white crags (though with an azure river instead of "a dreary sea" flowing between,) might well have suggested, what they cannot at all events, fail to recal, —those noble lines of Coleridge "on broken friendship ;"—

"They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs that had been rent asunder ;
A dreary sea now flows between,—
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Can wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been."

And still sweeps on the stream, as beetling still,
 Each snowy crag stands out against the light,
 That shows as tho' its beams ne'er tir'd to fill
 Each quiet cleft so beautiful and white ;
 While hovers o'er the whisp'ry air around
 Silence, that thrills like Music's softest sound.—

The earth, the stream, the sky's clear hyaline,
 The hidden spirit of the inmost heart,
 Illuming all with its own light divine,
 —With Mind, of Beauty still the brightest part—
 All blend beneath the magic of the hour,
 'Till Time stands mute, stricken by Beauty's power !

VI.

Doth he not stand—stand silently, and gaze ?
 Or still speeds hour on hour, 'neath moonlight's eye
 As wave on wave seeming unchang'd still strays ?
 I reckon not, so—(as now)—that I may lie,
 'Neath star and moonlight where the waters glide,
 Rich in pure dreams, nor lacking light beside !

VII.

Yea, nought beside lacking ! For Thou art here
 Mine own sweet Constance, to create the balm
 Of gladness if it were not,—or to share
 The loveliness and majesty and calm
 Of scenes and hours like these—that do beguile
 Ev'n Exile with their beauty,—till it smile.

VIII.

And I could think,—gliding as now we glide,
 That thou and I dwelt on old Fatherland,
 That British skies beam'd o'er us in their pride,
 That these were Albion's cliffs on either hand ;
 —Yon wood, with its tall boles, moonlit and grey,
 Some well lov'd park, half forest,—far away !

IX.

And tho' yon blessèd Southern Cross still lies
 Brightly before us, with its meek soft beam,
 (Meet for such symbol !) shed from Tropïc Skies,
 Not black, but deeply sapphirine—let's deem
 'Tis some dull constellation, hangs above
 The free but storm-girt island of our love.

X.

Oh—this too may be ours ! if so it please . .

Him, who vouchsafeth all things for our good ;
And many a year may merry England's breeze
Sweep o'er us, and the brave Atlantic's flood
Hymn forth its olden murmurs nigh our cot,
So long forsaken ne'er to be forgot.

XI.

Yea ! not in vain, dear girl, shall we have left

Kindred and country in our days of youth !
Nor even here are we of all bereft,

While blest with love, and health, and hope, and truth ;
And scenes like this 'neath moonlight's ambient air !
And God,—who would be with us everywhere !

THE FIRE-KING.

Ha, ha ! is not Fire a king, a king ?
See him flash aloft on his rushing wing,
Where tempest rages, and sea and sky
Under the Lightning's anger lie ;
While the giant mother that gave it birth,
(The storm-cloud) *pales* at its awful mirth,
As, from highest ether the earth that shrouds,
It shoots amain through a thousand clouds,
And spans wide ocean with swifter sweep
Than wild stag over a brook might leap,
Aye, spans it swifter than light or thought,
And lo ! what work hath the Fire-King wrought ?
He has shrunk and shrivell'd a nation's fleet,
And a fort lies smoking beneath his feet.
— Tho' it brav'd and baffled the foeman's might
It droops like flowers 'neath the mildew's blight !—
Again ! ha ! mark where the night-clouds wear
Ev'n o' the instant a lurid glare,

As tho' Dawn had broke ere the midnight hour !
— *Now* dost bow to the Fire-King's power ?
A forest crackles and flames on high,
A forest that seem'd too old to die,
Too old and mighty ! A fit retreat
For the mighty Behemoth's thunder-feet,
As in sport or anger he paced the wood
That echo'd where'er the monster stood,—
Dread Behemoth ! who last shook earth
(Ere this forest sprang to its sapling birth),
And now as the Fire-King his lightning sheds,
As over the forest his anger spreads,
While billow-like flames leap mountains high,
Dimming the stars of the silent sky,—
Listen, what maddening demon yell,
As of fiends new loos'd from the nethermost hell,
Suddenly frightens the gasping air ?
— 'T is the Lion, *burnt from his blood-red lair !*
And the forest monarch, like dastard thing,
—Huzza ! how he quails beneath the dread *Fire-King !*

GOOD-BYE TO POETRY.

FAREWELL ! thou tuneless lyre, farewell,
To chords that genius scorns to swell ;—
Albeit, my soul hath lov'd each beam
By thought shed o'er oblivion's stream,
And sigh'd o'er heart-deep strains that teach
How fair the heights / fain would reach ;—
Though on unearthly themes intent,
O'er some time-stricken battlement,
I oft have watch'd 'neath abbey pile
How sweet-sad stars o'er mortals smile ;
Watch'd (where the chilly night winds wave
Rank grass tufts o'er the mouldering nave)
Some lone old owl from ivy nook
Hoot to the sadly rippling brook ;

While many a wither'd ghostlike yew
Beckons the paneless oriels through,
And echo haunts no more the tread,
O'er roofless aisles of olden dead ;
—'Tho' Nature's ever varying whole
Be aye a feast unto my soul,
Yet Genius hallows not my shell,—
Thou tuneless lyre, farewell, farewell !

While erewhile that all beauteous sea
That westward laveth Araby,
Around our vessel glimmer'd bright
Near India's mountains grey and light,
And tiny billows leapt and died
Kissing Canara's moonlit side ;
I vainly vow'd nor fate nor aught
Should quell the internal burning thought ;
Shadow my spirit, or deny
Its memory Immortality.
'T was a sweet mockery—it is o'er —
My lyre shall glad this heart no more !

Yea, forest-wild and surging wave,
Tempest, rock, temple, giant cave,
Snow peak, and mountain islets spread
Like beauties upon ocean's bed,
Have brought no dreamings, fair and free,
That must not die, my heart with thee!
No ! fancies o'er thee float together
Like clouds of light in April weather ;
They crowd, they shower, but may impart
No verdure to this barren heart ;—
For genius hallows not my shell,—
Thou lov'd, frail lyre, farewell, farewell !

STANZAS,

WRITTEN ON HEARING (IN THE HISTORY OF A FRIEND)
OF A DENOUEMENT SUCH AS THEY DESCRIBE.

THERE was a void within my breast,
 There was a blight upon my brain,
A shadow o'er my soul's unrest
 Like clouds above the troublous main;
A dull, vague want that might but crave
The quiet of an early grave.

It was not grief, it was not sin;
 I wist not whence, I wist not why,
My warm, pure, gushing heart within,
 Gnaw'd on the worm that would not die;
Young, fervent, fond, 'twas mine to bless
All things, in utter loneliness.

And then *thou* cam'st! with starry eyes
Shedding their spelf-like light on *me* ;
And seraph smiles, and thrilling sighs,
And songs of Syren witchery ;
Then, timorous *silence*! *this* than all,
Most drew my boyish heart in thrall !

Then, soon, 'neath blushing twilight skies,
On my boy-breast thy vows were given,
'Mid kisses, whispers, virgin sighs,
Too blest for aught! to note but heaven !
Now—(exile o'er and seas *re-past*,)
How do I find thy troth, at last ?

Thy lips move soundlessly ! that eye
(' Neath whose love-sunshine-light of old,
It was such dearest bliss to lie,)
Weighs on me *now*—vague, strange, and cold,
And full of such deep plaintless woe
As troubled *parted* souls might know !

I gaze, till almost I forget
Mine own deep agony in thine.
—Pity with scorn *will* struggle yet,
Deep love with maniac wrath combine :
——O God ! that dotard Age, with gold
Should e'er have won *thee* to his fold!

What hath thy choice been ? To forego—
A long, bright, sinless life of love,
With all that peace might give below,
And all that faith might hope above,
For jewel'd brow, and cheated heart,
Rich, titled, grief-wrung, that thou art !

LINES

OCCASIONED BY SEEING AN INDIAN DEER IN A PARK
ON THE WESTERN COAST OF ENGLAND.

QUESTION.

“ SON of the desert, why wouldst stray ?

Why is thy bondage joyless all ?

— The very breezes as they play

Waft sweets, that every sense enthrall,

O'er flower, mead, ocean, steep and tree ;

Why breathe they nought of balm to thee ?

“ SON of the Desert, why wouldst stray ?

— Beams yonder Day—God's early shewn

O'er glistening copse, o'er stream and spray,

O'er headland steep and forest green,

Less fairly than his radiant store

Fell o'er thy *desert* haunts of yore ?

“ Else, at the quiet twilight hour ?

When few, faint stars begem the sky
Like dew-drops,—(living ones!) that pour
Their liquid lustre from on high,
— Howls yon dark deep with feeblè spell
Than where his *orient* surges swell ?

The rill's scant waves beside thee glide ;

Oak, elm, and pine—*all* stateliest trees
Of England's palace-homes the pride,—

Wave round thee in the sunny breeze ;
And blue bright skies above thee smile
O'er wood, and wave, and princely pile.

“ What be thy treasures, mourn'd and reft ?

— The barren sands, the stagnant lake,
The thicket dank, the blasted cleft,

The herbless, breezeless, birdless brake,
The quick crash of the panther's grasp,
Or coiling boa's unerring clasp !

“Thy lightning spring¹ is palsied ! dim,
—As dotard's dim, that erst bright eye;
And frontlet branch'd, and buoyant limb,
All droop'd and shrunk ! thou stealest by
The very ghost of what thou wast ;
—Dreaming o'er ghosts of pleasure past !

“Yet Beauty tends thy steps ! the hand
That thousands covet, weaves for thee
May's sweetest buds in brightest band ;
—The lip, the glance, that aimlessly
Make princes subjects, toil to gain
Thy love—thou proud one—yet *in vain* !”

ANSWER.

“*What* have I left ? *what* do I mourn ?
Why is my step's-spring light no more ?
Go ask the Georgian maiden, torn,
To loath'd love, on a stranger shore !
—The wild-bird, ere he fiercely fly
'Gainst his guilt *prison bars*, to die !

“ Ask some haught Indian chieftain, pent
Like any beast—(while tame men gaze!)
Bann'd from each stormy element

Where howls the wood, the broad flood strays;
Ask *him* to herd and house with *thee*!
Then let *his* answer speak for *me*!

“ It is the blessèd hour of dawn,
It is the sunny hour of spring,
All things that press the dewy lawn,
All things that heavenward speed the wing,
Wend on their bright course joyously;
But ah! those joyous things are *free*!

“ And what am I?—Though mine the dower
O'er Albion's breezy shores to range,
(Where man, though kind, where tree and flower,
Mountain, and wave, though fair, are strange;) ^a
What, but some debtor, free to roam
O'er “bounds” that skirt his prison home?

"Then give me back, but give me back
To scorching suns, to tainted streams;
Back to the woods without a track
Save the black brand where lightning gleams;
From Syren smile and Eden shore,
Back to my desert home, once more!"

EPIGRAM

ON MY INFANT SON, AT HIS MOTHER'S BREAST.*

Lo, while the whole ship's company's alarmed,
While fear of capture's openly confess'd,
Yon rosy slumberer lies "doubly arm'd,"
A happy prisoner in thy harbour *Brest!*

* Written off St. Helena, on hearing a report that there was war with France.

TO CONSTANCE;

ON HER RECOVERY FROM AN ALMOST FATAL SICKNESS.

I.

BLESSINGS upon those eyes of light
That cheer my happy heart again,
—Beaming with looks as soft and bright,
Ev'n as they were, ere blighting pain
And sickness, with its fever-breath,
Had bow'd my bright one,—nigh to *death* !

Blessings upon them! As of old
They shine ; yet with a holier light,
—If holier could be,—as when gold
Is chasten'd by the furnace' might ;
—A meeker and a holier air
Than *even they* were wont to wear ;

III.

—Meeker and holier ;—ev'n as though
 Still solemniz'd by converse dread
 With awful shapes above, below,
 —With God, the Saviour, and the Dead :
 —God, to whose bliss you hoped to hie ;
 —The *Dead*, who *beckon'd you to die !*

IV.

Dear girl,—dear girl ! Well I recal
 How meekly bow'd your gentle head,
 Waiting until the blow should fall
 That seem'd so ready to be sped ;
 —Bow'd like some Northern lily fair,
 Drooping and wasting in the glare.

V.

Meantime, how o'er my heart would throng
 Memories of every by-gone hour,
 Wherein I wrong'd, or seem'd to wrong,
 (By slighting it,) Love's blessèd dower ;
 —How seem'd my youth's best love of thee
 Weak, to what love of thee *should* be !

VI.

And when my soul's deep misery,
 That *could* not *wholly* be conceal'd
 From that fond, thoughtful, tearless eye,
 In glance or sigh was half reveal'd,
 —How, 'mid your mortal agony
 You strove to smile away my sigh :

VII.

You strove to chase my grief away ;
 But, oh that sad angelic smile,
 Though sweet as twilight's faintest ray,
 Heighten'd the pain it would beguile,
 Making thee dearest at the last ;
 A good most prized when well nigh past !

VIII.

But God hath given thee *back* to me !
 Though almost like some blissful *dream*
 (*Too* blissful for reality,)
 This new found happiness doth seem ;
 Yea, snatch'd from Death thou greet'st me, love,
 A boon *twice* given from above !

IX.

And, oh, a boon how dearer still,
 Now all thy truth and worth are known,
 Than when, 'neath earliest passion's thrill,
 I made thy girlish heart my own;
 —Than when, in flush of youth and pride,
 I clasp'd thee *first*,—my virgin bride!

EPIGRAM

ON A LATE "CUTTING AND CLIPPING" GOVERNOR-
 GENERAL OF INDIA.

You call "the Dutchman, Bill," a brute, a bore,
 The vilest Governor we ever had :
 And yet you prove him good instead of bad !
 "How?"—Proving him "a clipper" to be sure !

STANZAS.

I.

THE Arab in the desert waste,
Lone on his silent way,
Still tireless, friendless, fearlessly,
Through many a burning day
Without a guide, without a sign,
Where'er he lists doth stray ;

II.

Sometimes a date tree brown as sand,
Sometimes a perish'd rill,
Sometimes a fair and grassy spot
Shadow'd by wood and hill,
But oft'ner nought but the wild winds' drought
Sees the Arab a-riding still.

III.

He rides ! The stars are belov'd of him,
 He loves them one and all ;
 He names them, and each with its kind soft eye
 Looks answer to his call,
 Shedding cold dew on his burning brow,
 Yet he halts not 'neath their thrall !

IV.

And morning comes with her calm white brow
 And her cheek of roseate ray,
 But he draws no rein o'er that desert main,
 He hies him still away !
 In myriad hordes or in travel lone
 —Away, still, still away !

As eagle on sail of pirate black,
 As petrel on ocean's breast,
 As curv'd moon cleaving the sea above,*
 As swallow that knows no rest,
 O'er the sandy waves of that desert main
 The Arab his steed hath prest.

The sea above, or (as Byron has it) the "ocean hung on high."

VI.

On rides the warrior brave and free !
But, wherever he doth roam
His heart is with his Arab maid,
His heart is in his home ;
Would I not toil like him, to see
Once more our cottage holme ?

TO ENGLAND.

Oh England!—parent dear ! *How* dear thou art,
Ev'n to thine humblest children, who can say,
Till, in lone commune with an exil'd heart,
He deem, (as *then* he *must*,) the dullest day
Pass'd in thy rudest crowd, thy densest mart,
Brighter than brightest happiness, away ?
And if thine exil'd children take no part
With those who prophecy thy swift decay ;
If they would have thee less than perfect still,
Rather than agonize or anger thee
To cure some trivial or ideal ill,
—Would rather “ bear the ills they have, than flee
To others that they know not of ” —let none
Censure for this the fond, the anxious, exil'd son.

ANGLO-INDIAN LIFE.

I.

DRIVELLERS, still drivellers to the end, no aim
To speed us or to cheer us on our way ;
Nor hope, nor health, nor mirth, nor wealth, nor fame
—Nor gleam from passion's flame, nor Genius' ray;
. Nought save thy light, sepulchral lamp! whose
shcen
Shows where the demon memory holds watch o'er what
hath been.

II.

Take we the Indian wedded life ;* 't will prove
How mockingly blind contact and the strong
"Necessity of—union," mimic love ;
How rare the heart's deep worship, the glad throng
Of pure bright impulses that fain should bind
Thelink'd of wedlock's chain, in fellowship of mind.

* These lines were written in India, when my knowledge of England was bounded by the recollections of a lad of sixteen.—But I have now arrived at the conviction that disinterested and happy marriages are at least as common in India as they are in England.

III.

First comes the spinster vain and vapid ;—rife .

With ready words, bland looks, and winning wile,
To steal upon the easy name of wife,

With ill play'd blush, and interest's secret smile ;
—Nought boots it whose her heart-if heart she boast ;
Her formal vows are his whom wealth hath favor'd most.

IV.

Frail vows ! their swift infringement lacketh nought

But fitting time and tempter ; some brief time
Pass'd with her soft soft lord, and sickness (sought

Rather than found) quick warns to kindlier clime ;
'Till heav'n send sage friends round her, or her course
Will tell wild passion's tale,—lost fame and late remorse !

V.

'T is true not ever sadly, darkly thus

Rolls in dull melancholy wedlock's stream ;
Fair science, fairer Genius, ev'n for us,

Sometimes may glad the lone hour with its beam ;
And Love may triumph, wealth ev'n here may fail,
And wedded life be bright as some glad fairy tale.

VI.

But these the wild's oases ; and to like
 Mostly sufficeth for each Indian mate ;
 Their hearts like clods ;—and clod on clod doth strike,
 No spark eliciting of love or hate.
 . . . And single life ? Is one long proud career
 Of prosy visits, billiards, the stable, smoke, and beer !

ON NEARING THE ENGLISH COAST.

DEAR mother, I've been painting, in my brain.
 Thy picture as thou wast when last we parted ;
 Thou, in thine agony, half broken-hearted,
 And I, (a boy) half loath to snap the chain
 That had so long united us, though fain
 To be a man and soldier ! Forth I started,
 Fearlessly forth into the world I darted,
 Though oftentimes from its gorgeous mummeries,
 I flew in fancy back to home again !

Yet now that I, *indeed*, near England's skies,
 With all my joy *will* mingle fear and pain ;
 For oh, as oft some new-woke creature dies,
 Which all unharm'd for years had dormant lain,
 Ev'n so the quiet hopes of years may die,
 'Neath the bleak breath of cold Reality !

STANZAS.

MINE OWN, my beautiful, where art thou now ?
The blush-rose still, with its bright coronet
Of dewy gems, beams brightly, as when set
On that sweet brow !

The rill still murmurs, and the moonlit sheaves
Again are rustling, and the blue, bright star
Thou call'dst thine own, still glistens from afar
'Mid the scant leaves.

Summer has perish'd, and th' autumnal breeze
Is playing, as it play'd when last we twain
Rov'd, blest as never we can rove again,
'Neath these lov'd trees. .

Stripping the branches, it again doth sweep,
Waking old thoughts with its accustom'd moan,
Ev'n as of old, when I was not alone,
— Alone to weep !

Yea, all things look as erst,—yet how estrang'd
The spirit of this once glad earth, to me !
All looks the same, but thee I cannot see ;
Then all how chang'd !

Thy lover,—(oh, how impiously sounds
That word,—the lover of the sainted dead !)
All like a restless troubled ghost doth tread
These long lov'd grounds :—

Hating the crowd, yet dreading converse lone,
For that each solitude is rife with thee !
Would, would he had the dove's swift wing to flee
Where thou hast flown !

THE JUNGLE RIVER.

GREEN and yet glassy bright, and swift tho' smooth,
—While stoop the boughs to *drink*, like antler'd deer,
And young stars shimmer in long lines of light
Over the eddies and thin tongues of calm,
That look like glassy islets in the stream—
The river winds as though its steps were staid
By some slow stately hidden music,—slow,
Solemn and soft and stately,—tho' too rare,
Like music of the stars, for mortal ear ;
Yea, gliding on so calmly, noiselessly,
Like far-off winding of some evening herd,
As tho' it wander'd amid shades it lov'd!

And this no idle fantasy, if scene
As rich in tranquil loveliness and grace,

And full of God's own^a blessèd self as aught
Earth ever own'd, may boast the gift of beauty
For beings, 'mid God's creatures, less than man ;
The gift to commune with the hearts of *things*,
And talk with aught as vital as this stream
That wanders like a^a spirit thro' the woods !
And O ! not ill hymn'd they who sang of old
That fays and gentle river sprites do haunt
The sylvan places of ~~this~~ Dædal earth ;
Tho' ne'er to worldly ears their whispers steal,
Nor e'er their vapoury form at dewy even
Or primy dawn, across some silv'ry star
Flitteth unshroudingly ; nor 'mid dim woods
At panting noontide peer nigh sedgy rill
For any *worldling's* eye ; yet commune they
(In star-like loveliness) with all who worship
Boon nature still in singleness of heart.

And all unhealthful is that sense that sees
No beauty save in Nature's *startling* shapes ;
In snow-peak, ocean, torrent, giant wood,
Or sunrise when the mists 'neath mountains wake

O'er prairies waving like the land's green'd main ;
Such homage dies when novelty is dead !
Not these the elements of beauty *here* !
— A jungle river bursting with its rains,
A score of camels browsing under trees,
A few Acacias on a lone slope waving,
Blent with some stunted date trees on the heights ;
Masses of granite on a foreground heap'd ;
And rainy, rosy clouds, at random strewn
Fairly across an August's Western sky,
And bascd by yonder furze-clad steep, that lies
Crown'd by a mouldering temple, with sweet sunset
Fro' out its arch'd and paneless windows gleaming :—
And th' upper heaven's faint blue ; and th' crescent moon,
And near it two fair stars,—upon the breast
Glancing, of this calm, azure jungle river :—
—*Such* are the elements of beauty *here* !
But here no towering wood ; no giant rock ;
No lonely snow-peaks soaring in thin air,
Silent and beautiful, and icy cold,—
So high, so cold, as they might touch and freeze
The beauteous stars, silent and crystalline,

That shine and sail, night after night, for ever,
Around their worlds of Winter!

Here no storm,
No moaning Ocean, with its song sublime,
And land-not-seeking storm-bird, flitting 'twixt
The sunset and my vision, trance the soul;
Yet feel I, as around me I perceive
Full many a simple gift of loveliness,
Grateful that grace, peace, holy calm brood here,
And God's own blessed sky "bends over all."

LINES

WRITTEN IN INDIA ON SENDING A DAUGHTER HOME.

Yes, it must be ! the evil hour may be delay'd no more,
My babe, to stranger hearts and hands thou must be
render'd o'er :

And other ears than ours must hear, haply unheeding too,
The prattle of that infant tongue, and other eyes must view
Each childish joy that soon shall chase the first, last tear
away,

That falleth o'er thine infant cheek upon our parting day.

And many a fearful surge must sweep our child across the
main,

And many a rolling year must speed ere we can meet again ;

And none may tell what hallow'd fane, or what unholy
shrine [of thine.

Strangers and hirelings shall up-build in that young heart

Yet surely they will keep their plight, and sure my child
shall be

Still, ev'n in after years, a child in spotless purity ;
And thou shalt grow, Heav'n nurtur'd, as some sweet
and beauteous flower

Fann'd by our own lov'd Albion's breeze, in merry English
bower ;

And God will bless thee ; and sweet hopes, and blessed
thoughts will rise

From out thy little sinless heart, like incense to the skies.

Thought soon shall light those deep blue eyes, as day's
star lights the lake,

Kissing its clear and breezeless face when fair spring
mornings break ;

And, girt with thine own virgin grace, mine infant, thou
shalt grow

Lov'd of the God thou fear'st above, and fondly blest below.

But oh, when hearts now strange to thee, have lov'd thee
long and well ;

And other joys, and other scenes have wrought their
pleasant spell,—

Say (while this life appears to thee one long glad holiday)
Will prayer or praise of thine e'er bless thy parents far away ?

And when, in later years, the day shall come, as come it must,
For those, once strangers, since belov'd, to render back
their trust ;

When age's blessing, youth's pure tear, and friendship's
whisper, tell

How hard to those we long have lov'd it is to say farewell,
With pain thy gentle heart will break the blended witchery
For us,—whose very life and love are voiceless shades
to thee !

The sleepless care, the heart-deep prayer, the picturings
in thought,

That shall have track'd and traced thy path, tho' thou
beheld them not,

182 ON SENDING A DAUGHTER TO ENGLAND.

The exile willingly prolong'd,—prolong'd that thou
might'st reap

Its fruit, in added skill to charm,—afar—across the deep;

—*What* shall their meed be? *duty* cold, and sighs all
ill repress,

And thoughts that fain, like doves, would “fly away and
be at rest!”

Yet go! still go! tho' well I know thou never more mayst be
The little loving gentle thing that thou hast been, to me!

STANZAS.

I.

Am I not changed ? am I not changed ?

Alas ! ev'n I can see

How baffled hopes—how hearts grown cold,—How life's

Reality—

Have stricken into dust the soul

Ere-while so eagle-bold !

Not changed ? my very heart is dry,—

My very soul grown old !

II.

And still can you, mine earliest friend,

—(Earliest perhaps and last,)

See, in the *glitter* of to-day,

The *sunshine* of the past ?

Till whiten'd ashes of the brand

May burn and blaze again, '

To kindle hopes of other days,

—That hope itself were vain !

•STANZAS.

'T is past,—we have parted ! A few sunny hours
Are all that Fate spar'd us, as brief and as bright
As the life of the May-Duke, spring rivers that scours,
—Born and buoyant at sunset, to perish ere night !

But O ! what a myriad of memories throng
O'er the heart, for the lapse of those glad and bright
days ;
They were moments 't is true, but through years must
belong
To each scene where the soul in its loneliness strays ;

Where it strays 'mid the past, where it hovers on high
To the future,—in Hope's glad and magical train,
Where it broods o'er its lost ones of earth, with a sigh,
Or is yearning to clasp them (in heaven !) again.

..... All was light, all was music!—Thine each
music-tone,

The light of thy beauty ;—but dearer than all,
The TRUTH, grace, and gentleness ever thine own,
Wrought around me their rosiest, holiest thrall :

And the long summer eves, with their quiet and balm,
—Soft, voluptuous, pensive, as Beauty's love-sighs,—
Spread above us, around us, their bliss, not their calm,
While our lips spake—in kisses! our thoughts in our
eyes!—

But 't is over and gone ! It is over and gone !

Like 'Tabriz' * glancing waters, swift fairy and bright,
When they gush from their silvery fountains at dawn,
To lie ~~perish'd~~, dull'd, sluggish, and harden'd ere night!

--All is past ! Be in future the phantom, to me,
That fate seems to ordain thee ! Be beauteous, be blest ;
Still, the love of thy Girlhood is hallow'd to thee,
And that " past,"—it shall never be past from thy breast !

* "It consists of certain ponds or ~~plashes~~ whose waters by a slow and regular process stagnate, concrete, and petrify, and produce that beaut-

No! as spars, from the wreck of some beautiful bark*

Deep, through dim glaucous caverns of Ocean may glide
To where young Dawn awakes to her lover, the lark,
Over lakes where no peril, no tempest abide;

So, above some new love of thy calm after years .

—(Be it pure, blest, and bright as I pray it *may* be!)

Some wreck from the love that hath perish'd in tears

Shall well up from the past, shall remind thee of me!

ful transparent stone called TABRIZ MARBLE. In one place the water is clear; in a second it appears thicker and stagnant; in a third quite black; and in its last stage it is white, like hoar-frost."—MORIER'S *Travels in Persia*.

* The lake of Escura, on the summit of the mountain of Estrella, in Portugal, is of a depth hitherto unascertained; its waters are of a dark green colour, and fragments of the masts of ships have been found in it; whence it has been supposed to have a subterranean communication with the sea;—moreover, it is smooth or agitated as the sea is tranquil or rough.

STANZAS.

I MAY not lay my tir'd head, Fanny,
Where thine hath rested long
From life and love, from chance and change,
From sorrow, and from wrong ;—
— From all the years that have stole by
Since ye together trod,
(With hearts like moonshine streaming peace,)
One quiet path to God.

Since, noiseless year on noiseless year
Hath sped, like day on day,
And one by one, each holier thought
With years seems fled away ;—
And now upon youth's mid wild stream
All powerlessly cast,
I cannot choose but think on thee
And sorrow o'er the past.

How many times, how many times
Have we two rov'd together,
Where Morn's rays burst o'er Albion's rocks
And waves and dewy heather ;
Or Eve's beams from far casements glance,
O'er wood and church-spire glow ;
Or stars stream down o'er grassy graves ;
— Now, sister, where art thou ?

There is no breath of air astir
Amid the sleeping trees ;
There is no cloud where glance the stars
Like sails on far off seas :—
'Mid their high orbs are memories writ,
The Past is there, with Thee,
Though round them like the living air
Floateth Eternity !—

That “ past ” 't will ne'er be past to me !
A young fond heart doth bless
Mine own, that thrills (with ill-earn'd joy)
In mute, deep happiness ;

Yet still amid the solemn hush
Of the heart's music, steal
Pangs ill-defin'd, I may not hide,
Yet dare not all reveal.

The sense of mental weariness
When hallow'd thoughts should fall ;
The thought, that earthly hopes and loves
Mine whole soul hold in thrall ;
The pang, that fond hearts (unto mine
By chance ties link'd)—appear
Like living men to dead men chain'd *
In dungeons dark and drear.

These, these be curses that do wring
Mine heart to agony ;
Mocking with dreams that whisper wild
To roam—range—hide and—die :

* D'Herbelot, in his account of the impostor *Haken ben Haschem*, mentions, that when he had sentenced any two offenders to imprisonment for life, it was usual with him to have them chained together. He adds, that the death of either party in no wise released the survivor from his corpse!

— These make me shun all blessed things
Around love's sunny bowers,
And deem thee lost, (the bright, the blest!)
Like youth's first, sinless hours!

TO MISS JACINTHA HUNT,

DAUGHTER OF LEIGH HUNT, Esq.

I ASK if, like thy gifted sire,
Thou touchest, too, the poet's lyre;
Thy gifted sire makes answer terse,
"Jacintha is herself a verse."

'Yet, albeit those sweet eyes of thine
Beam full of poësy divine,
To aught that's beautiful, good, or true,
Sure am I, ne'er averse are you!

LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

I.

LADY what minstrelsy of mine,
(Wayward and light as air,
May fitly grace so *neat* a shrine,
Gilt edg'd, and rich,* and rare ?
Some lays may claim so bright a lot,
But strain of mine deserves it not !

II.

Some Bards, most "peerless Genevieve !"
May "stir your soul to pity,"
With loves, and doves, and hearts, and darts,
Re-moulding some old ditty,
All dedicate to thee and Cupid,—
But Albums make—or *leave me* stupid !

But to be grave!—Some abbey pile,
When the rich sunset's gleam,
O'er banner'd arch and echoing aisle
All solemnly doth stream,
Hath haply giv'n poetic thought
To soothe me for the cold I've caught.

IV.

Graver? the grave-yard lone and still
I have lov'd passing well;
And oft my frame has felt a thrill
When, over Ocean's swell,
Some British bark at break of day
Has dash'd, like living thing, away.

V.

And—telling of Eternity—
The deep blue, starlit heaven
From mine heart's inmost sanctuary,
Oft has in muteness given
Grief for the past,—and present thought
With poetry's lightnings haply fraught.—

VI.

Yea, Nature's wild variety

Has been my spirit's feast ;

And, lady, who could gaze on thee,

Yet love her beauty least ?

—But what would Nature, altogether,

With gilt-edg'd Bath, and Russia leather ?

LINES WRITTEN AT SEA.

HASTE, Love ! look how the brave trim bark
Sweeps o'er the sea alone ;
Thine own star quivereth overhead,
The moon is upon her throne,
And each small fleece that hurrieth by,
As a sprite on a mission of mystery,
Eagle-like, seems to outstrip the breeze
That wafts it over the sky's blue seas.

I meet thy dear eyes ! while many a thought
Of England and home would fain
Steal to my breast on night's stilly wings,
And dash the glad present with pain.
But O ! *what* sorrow can exile bring
While *thus* these sweet eyes are glistening,
And these dear arms are my circling home
Where'er we tarry, where'er we roam ?

THE YOUNG FATHER TO HIS FIRST BORN SON.

I.

WHAT wilt thou be to me, my boy,
What wilt thou be to me ?
Thou cherub child with thy sunny smile
And thy prattle of infant glee ?
Half thought, half laughter, I ask of thee—
What wilt thou be to me ?

II.

Methinks thy toy limbs are all too fair,
Too dimpled, and soft, and fine,
A prop to be to thy youthful sire,
A stay to these thews of mine ;
And these round pet hands, that one finger clasp
—What brand for me shall they grasp ?

III.

My boy, my beautiful, baby boy,
 How many an hour each day,
 In dreaming thus by those blessed eyes,
 Tirelessly I could stay !
 How many an hour, how many a day,
 Tirelessly, so could I dream away !

IV.

Yet it is not so, and it is not now,
 My first-born, broad-brow'd son,
 That I should question and guess at thee
 Idly, as I have done,—
 It is not *now* I should strive to see
 What thou wilt be to me !

V.

Methinks yon beautiful lip of thine
 Looks as 't would answer blithe,
 " When that keen eye fadeth, that step weighs slow
 That is now so swift and lithe,
 When age and sickness have plough'd thy brow,
 Then ask as thou askest now.

VI.

"Then ask, my Sire, (and may God look down
 And judge my heart that while !)
 Whether thou'rt drooping 'neath Fortune's frown,
 Or basking 'neath Fortune's smile,
 Then ask thy son, in his strength or glee,
 What he will be to thee ?"

LINES.

MARK yonder sage, whose thoughtful eyes,
 Though full of heaven, are bent on earth ;
 Then turn and watch yon would-be wise,
 Whose pride betrays his actual worth.

Such signs by *trees* are often given,
 And as with trees, with *minds* 'tis found ;
 —Barren, they toss and point at heaven,
 But much fruit bows them to the ground !

LINES WRITTEN IN INDIA.

I HEAR my brother wanderers repine,
Haply with cunning sophistry, because
In Life's best season 'tis their doom to roam
Far from thy breezy heavens, dear Fatherland :
— Yet hearing, not to theirs *my* voice join I ;
For lo ! the very knowledge that to them
Is cause of agony, to me shall yield
Best reason for contentment (which in sooth
With blessing such as mine it needs *should* yield)
And best resolve that where Almighty God
My home hath stablish'd, there shall *peace* be too,
Peace, love, and surest balm, in that I know
He never will forsake me in my need,
While still my heart is bow'd to his behests,
And still in all his creatures I behold
Something to pity, more to love, and most
Wherefrom to learn how much I pardon need !
So be it then ! And wheresoe'er I go

Let me seek blessings, never sought in vain ;
 And still in general nature let me find
 Some spots of beauty 'mid the dullest wastes ;
 — Groves steep'd in silence ; giant jungle trees ;
 Lone, verdant hills ; blue rivers of the west ; *
 Huge flag-like grasses nigh the desolate lake
 O'er which the Cyrus like a spirit hovers ;
 And lakes as deadly, calm, and beautiful,
 As fallen angels in their lonely gloom !

— And oh, at evenfall, when fever'd day
 Lies cold, and faint, and dying—her sweet breath
 Gaspingly wandering from flower to flower—
 Have I not *thee*, mine own sweet blue-orb'd maid,
 To cheer me with thy precious songs of home ?
 To beam like sunshine o'er mine exile-heart,
 And make ev'n exile beautiful, for *me* ?

* The Nerbudda to-wit,—but in fact all the rivers of India that flow
westward, are as “ beautifully blue ” as the skies that they reflect.

THOUGHTS ON LIKENESSES.

I.

Portraits, so fair and bright,
A deep mute sorrow clings
Around ye with your tints of light,
Silent yet speaking things !

II.

Yea, still the thinking eye
It cannot choose but stray,
From where lov'd features limnèd lie,
In bitterness away.

III.

For though nor envious space
Should sever, nor the tomb
Hide timelessly, yet years, what grace
Spare *these*, of beauty's bloom ?

IV.

Yea, ye are changeless all !
No woe can dim your eye !
— Time, Death, o'er breathing beauty fall,
But ye, *ye* cannot die !

V.

Yet oh, the tales ye tell,
What things do they recal,
What, what save joys remember'd well,
But oh, departed all !

VI.

And therefore 'tis from ye,
I' the long soft twilight's gloom,
Turns the lorn heart, while Memory
(Goul-like !) haunts dead Hope's tomb !

ON SEEING A MINIATURE OF
MY MOTHER.

My mother's picture!—Such wast thou,
 Dear parent, in thy girlish prime,
With glossy locks, and snowy brow,
 And all of life's sweet *April* time,
Save that thy blue eye knew no tear,
Save that no *cloud* marr'd gladness there.

Lov'd, reverenc'd Mother! how each trace
 Conjures up pictures of the past,
When thou wast hieing on the chase
 Of youthful bliss that might not last!
Doth it not make me mad to know
 Who made *thy* young joy vanish so?

Thy blue eye met the scorching plain,
The parch'd wind fed thy fainting breath,
Thy thoughts were all, through nights of pain,
On Erin's homes, and early death ;
And tears flow'd mutely,—*who* was he
That *caus'd* such early grief to thee ?

* * * *

Day speeds apace, and thou art now,
My mother, to thine evening sinking ;
With eye still bright, but mournful brow,
Smiles from the heart, but heart of thinking ;
A present of past trials telling,
And yet with future promise swelling !

But Time turns back the leaves of life,
—I see myself a child again,
And thee with meek affection rife,
Moulding my boyish heart and brain :
The world has smote them, yet that past
Will fade from out their memory last.

The night wind moans above the wave,
The pale still stars look dimly down,
And mirky fleeces seem to lave
Their bleak breasts in the liquid moon ;

My spirit whispers me, that earth
Has seen our last sad parting's birth !

God's will be ours ; yet, oh ! be it given
ONCE more to greet thy blessed hearth !
Thy holy counsellings of heaven
Are strong o'er exile, death, and earth ;
But *Home* has all my *heart* in thrall,
And *thou*'rt its *dearest* home of all !

SONNETS.

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN BY AN ELDERLY
GENTLEMAN AT SIMLA, WHEN THE SNOW WAS ON
THE GROUND.

I.

MIDNIGHT and silence;—not the faintest sound
Startles the tranquil slumber of the night,
What time the moon with her unclouded light
Is gazing in her beauty, that hath bound
Forest, and stream, and mountain! Ev'n the ground,
Rob'd in its wintry garniture of white,
Afar and near glistens with spangles, bright
And restless, ev'n as though in airy round
Fairies all *visibly* were revelling.
— And all things—as the thoughtful planets shine,
And through the frosted pines the night winds sing,
Drifted across the cold clear hyaline,—
Of youth and *home* the very semblance bring,
Save that for youth and home, exile and age are mine.

II.

Yes! age and exile cling around me, fast
As fetters to the captive! All is o'er,
Mine ev'ry hope of happiness is past!
— What would it boot me to revisit more
The scenes in which, mine early lot was cast?
Say, would a phantom from the Stygian shore
Return'd to freeze, with more than wintry blast,
Friends who his sainted memory adore,
— Would *he* be welcome? Would the flesh not thrill,
The vision wither 'neath the shadowy ghost?
And can *I* hope to be remember'd still,
And lov'd by those who haply lov'd the most?
To exile doom'd, my fate I must fulfil;
—I quail not: let me perish at my post!

III.

And are not *they* too chang'd?—Alas, they are!
Were they the same kind, true, unworldly throng
That once I knew them,—Home were then a star
In the lov'd west, and fondly should I long
To rest again beneath it, from the war,
The life-long struggle with the false and strong
Who still the true but weak from honour bar,
Filling the world with their triumphant wrong!

Home 'would be *then* to me the ho^use it seems,
(Ev'n as it *truly* was in *happier* hours!)
In the delicious witchery of dreams,
—Where youth, like uplands rich in morning flowers,
both with fruition and with promise teems;
 and Love, like sunlight, glows round all its hallow'd
 bowers!

TO CONSTANCE.

IN ABSENCE.

I.

WHAT need, what need of other portraiture
Than that my heart holds in its inmost shrine,
Of all thou art, the beautiful the pure,
Loving and true, mine own and only mine ?
My young fair bride ! I could not disentwine
My thoughts from thee, while life and love endure,
Thee, my sole idol in youth's gladdest mood,
Now doubly worshipp'd in my solitude.

II.

I think of thee at dawn's first stilly hour,
While blue bright stars still quiver in the sky,
Lighting my pathway,—till our happy bower
In fancy rises, and I see thee lie,
Pearls flashing through thy rosy lips, the dower
Of morn's light o'er thy beauty, and thine eye
(In fancy seen, o'er worlds of land and sea)
Waking to smile sweet welcome back, to me.

III.

Then too with growing day, when glowing dreams
Of youth are steep'd in Hope's most magic dyes,
O'er the glad world that basks beneath their beams
What charm would hover,—shone not thy sweet eyes,
Like morn's own planet with its dewy gleams,
O'er their bright hues?—for still what'er high prize,
Whatever fairy goal I seek or see,
Nor joy nor hope I know uncrown'd by *thee*!

IV.

Anon, at eve's soft hour, when thought and prayer
Have chasten'd those wild hopes, what name will rise,
O'er the vague whisperings of the twilight air,
In mute, but heart-deep homage, to the skies,
—Save *thine*—in whose meek words such music lies,
Such gentlest skill, as taught me first to tear
The meshes sin around my youth had wove;
Winning me back to God by thy sweet love!

V.

Nay, ev'n 'mid gairish crowds—amid the strife,
The stir of earth, the wrong world's busy throng;
Where, ne'er my *heart* lay,—hallow'd visions, rife
With love, hope, memory, steal my breast along:

Our far-off cot, and ye 'my child and wife
 Bring sad sweet thoughts ev'n there,—as thrills the song
 Of some cag'd home-bird heard on the far deep,—
 Or as fresh flowers make captives' hearts to weep.

* * * * *

VI.

Sometimes—(in dreamland) wander we alone
 O'er gorgeous classic isles—beneath a sky
 Azure and fleece,—cheer'd by the under-tone
 Of sleeping Ocean's sleepless melody,—
 What time the weird stars list his dreamy moan
 At whisp'ry midnight:—Else 'mid rocks we hit,
 While sunrise bursts o'er steep, wood, wave, and sail;
 Lighting our laughing cottage in the vale!

VII.

Then oh what need—girt by each *picturing thought*,
 And thine each written word of deepest love,
 So pious, tender, sad, yet music-fraught,
 Balm of my heart all other balm above,
 —What need of *limnèd* portraiture, to prove
 That thou art lovely, graceful, meekly wrought
 To *keep* the heart thou hast, so sweetly won,
 Tkrough all the turns of time, 'neath any region's sun?

WALTER SCOTT.

MINE eyes are dim with unshed tears, and Thought
Is busy with the bright and living dreams,
The names and scenes that are as household themes
As old familiar friends, since thou, oh Scott !
Their many tinted, magic woof hast wrought :
—Court, camp, and tourney—broad, deep forests, hiding
Wild deer and wilder woodsmen,—beldames gliding
Over the earth like sprites ;—each fairy spot
Lit by “Bright Ladye’s” love glance to the brave
And true and beautiful :—proud Highland lord ;
Sly Lowland clown ; the quaint and jocund knave ;
The dark wild maniac,—zealot for “The Word ;”
—Each tells of *Thee* !—each haunts us with some tone
Of a revered voice, too soon from this world flown !

FROM AN UNFINISHED POEM.

XXXIII.

Children in years, in passion he no child !
—How his young hand had trembl'd as it held
Hers,—while their eyes into each other smil'd !
How even in his boyish years had swell'd,
Over his spirit, impulses that quell'd
His very being, with a fever's force,
Pois'ning and dimming, (as it brightest well'd,)
Youth's gushing gladness, at its sinless source !
—Ah who would dream Love's dream, to wake and clasp
a corse ?

XXXIV.

But ev'n to wake and clasp the clay-cold form
Of one belov'd,—late sleeping in the glow
Of youth and loveliness, all bright and warm
And wreathing lovingly her arms of snow
Around us, and in accents sweet and low,
(Accents half smother'd by the fond caress)
Whisp'ring the nightly benisons that flow
From lips we love, with such a power to bless,
—Ay even *thus* to wake from dreams of happiness,

XXXV.

—And shrink and start and tremble in the dark,
And seek to deem it but a *vision* dread
Of *slumber*, that depicts cold and stark
The gentle being o'er whose precious head
So late all life and loveliness were spread;
—Then, to the terrible reality
Arousing, 'neath the dreary radiance shed
By some wan star, to utter forth a cry,
And listen for a breath in breathless agony!

XXXVI.

—E'en *this* were bliss to Henry's! He has chosen
 Earth-idols for his worship;—and at last
 He must behold his hopes all nipt and frozen,
 And all his heart's pure off'rings rudely cast,
 Like flowers rejected, (scent and radiance past)
 —For fresher odours,—from some stately fane :—
 Yea, Hope's bright hoards, so pleasantly amass'd,
 So counted, guarded, worshipp'd,—so in vain,—
 All, all must fleet away, ne'er to be clasp'd again.—

XXXVII.

But *now* ev'n Life is ecstasy! Each day
 Beauty and gladness, memory, hope, and love,
 Circle the dreamer with a mystic sway!
 —Ere morning o'er the eastern deep have wove
 A garniture of glory,—ere the grove
 Kindle to melody, or dawn's star-sprite
 Vanish, th' awak'ning Orient above,
 He from the fairest visions of the night
 Hastens to meet his love, than fairest vision bright.

XXXVIII.

And oft by Cintra's dell-illumin'g fountains,
And oft beneath the cold and tremulous shade
Of dewy noon, 'neath oak engirdl'd mountains,
Where giant boughs a fitting shelter made
For love and thought and solitude, they stray'd,
Weaving sweet converse with impassion'd might;
Or conning old love-legends; and as play'd
His fingers 'mid her tresses soft and bright,
Hour follow'd hour away in measureless delight.

And oh, at eventide, when twilight lingers
As though to listen to the far-off pealing
Of heavenly harpings from angelic fingers,
To worldly ears inaudible, but stealing
Ever to earth, from heaven, on "wings of healing,"
And ever for the soul's high solace sent,
—At that divinest hour, when thought and feeling
Have shaken off each earthly element,
How blindly would his heart its whole deep passion vent!

XL.

How would he whisper her in accents lowly,
 That o'er his exile she had wont to hover,
 A fairy visitant, a spirit holy,
 Watching an erring earthly being over,
 — How, ever, o'er the musings of her lover,
 In solitude, or 'mid the thoughtless throng
 From whom the heart must needs its treasures cover,
 His love, all passionate and deep and strong,
 Had kept his spirit pure, and impotent of wrong ;

XLI.

—Bright undefil'd, made pure by thoughts of her !
 Yea, and by strivings to deserve the meed
 Of her sweet love, whereof the *hope* might spur
 The dullest spirit to some glorious deed !
 — How he had long'd, as warrior, to bleed,
 Then lay (as laurels) humbly at her feet
 The blessings of some nation he had freed ;
 And, if she lov'd him for his offering meet,
 How he had deem'd ev'n *death* 'neath her sweet smile were
 sweet !

XLII.

And she would listen with a flitting blush,
And she would strive to love him as he spoke,
Till sorrow, almost agony, would gush
O'er her young spirit,—for his words awoke
Memory of earlier years whose spell was broke !
And if she lov'd him coldly, yet she knew
That purer love ne'er maiden might evoke,
Nor ne'er than he might mortal lover sue
More worthy woman's love, more beauteous or more true.

XLIII.

Yet still she lov'd not ! Days would come and go
Unbeautified for her, unsanctified !—
Ne'er did she sit enraptur'd in the glow
Of love's own lustre ; no delightful pride
To *her* it was, to linger by his side ;
— And when they parted at the midnight hour,
When she from his adoring gaze would glide,
No rosy vision fill'd her silent bower
With Love's ecstatic dream, with Hope's delicious dower.

XLIV.

Yet, with her smiles, she *tamper'd* with his love!
 — And is, of passion such as his, the doom,
 That ev'n its fairest visitations prove
 Like sweet but fatal odours*, that perfume
 Mines, where men labour ev'n as in a tomb?
 Too like, alas!—With scent of sweetest flowers
 Those deadly vapours cheer the miner's gloom,
 Recalling memories of woodland bowers,
 Memories that might have cheer'd a thousand weary
 hours;—

* Dr. Walsh has thus described two of the less common harbingers of choke-damp and fire-damp, those ministers of death, whose approach is frequently as insidious as it is destructive. "At one time, an odour of the most fragrant kind is diffused through the mine, *resembling the scent of the sweetest flowers*; and while the miner is inhaling the balmy gale, he is suddenly struck down and expires in the midst of his fancied enjoyment: at another, it comes in the form of a globe of air enclosed in a filmy case; and while he is gazing on the light and beautiful object floating along, and is tempted to take it in his hand, it suddenly explodes, and destroys him and his companions in an instant."—*History of Fossil Fuel*, p. 256.

. XLV.

And ev'n, though, drinking in that fatal spell,
 Instant and sure its victims fall and die,
 While many *live*, the living death to tell,
 That's wrought by love's dread infidelity,
 Yet who is there that would not rather lie
 Suddenly slain by *any* stroke of fate,
 Than live to deem sweet love a mockery,
 An' find (as Henry found, but found too late)
 His idol clay, his love all curdled into hate ?

XLVI.

Yet ah, and is it *his* alone, the curse
 To worship the unreal and the vain ?
 Do we not all, do we not always, nurse
 (Like snakes i' the bosom warm'd) a treacherous train
 Of hopes of good we never can attain ?
 Do we not stake our hearts upon the hope
 —(Than mania's wildest visions more insane)—
 That conquest still shall flow where we cope,
 That fame or wealth shall flow from *any* mine we op-

XLVII.

And doth not still the burning agony
Sear us to madness ? Is it not our fate
Only to live to see our idols die ?
Do we not dedicate, nay dissipate,
Our youth's best powers and treasures, to create
Some good,—as love, briefest when most intense,
— Or wealth ; or fame that ever comes too late ;
Proff'ring enjoyment to a *perish'd* sense ?—
Do we not labour still to end where we commence ?

FAMILIAR VERSES.

DEAR lady, honour'd lady, I bring back to you again
The treasure you consign'd to me in mingled pride and
pain;

—From exile and its dreary pomp, back to our native
shore,

From every taint and peril free, your treasure I restore!—
'T is true the tender plant you gave is now a blooming
flower,

But nought is chang'd that I could keep unalter'd from
that hour,

Save that a bud or two peeps forth that was not there
before,

To make, methinks, the gentle flower ev'n fairer than of
yore.—

Yet if it meet your gaze again, as pure and fresh ^{as} erst,
Slight praise is mine, tho' lovingly its beauteous growth
I nurst,

—Had there been canker in the bud, no care could save
its bloom,

No skill preserve its purity,—it must have met its doom!

Then clasp her, clasp her to your heart ! for clasp her
as you will,
You cannot hold her worth so great, but it is greater still ;
Yet let me own, while owning her full worthy of your
love,
The praise to *you* alone is due,—you under Heaven above.

LINES.

UNCHANG'D she seem'd, save that the early hues
That blush in rose-buds when the morning dews
First glisten on their bursting, shone no more
On that fair cheek that demons might adore !—
Beauteous, as erst she shone ; nor shrunk, nor shaded ;
—Like some fair pictur'd form, *whose tints have faded*,
But, o'er whose charms men more admiring stand,
Than when it left the deathless artist's hand.

THEN AND NOW.

“Nous avons beau n'être plus les mêmes,—je ne puis oublier ce que nous avons été.”—*La Nouvelle Héloïse*.

I.

WE sat together, we sat alone,
Over the same book bent ;
Hand clasping hand, breath meeting breath,
Thought, Vision, Feeling, blent ;—
The broad late shadows fell around
From cloud and steep and tree ;
—Thou read'st the tale, but I,—oh I
Read little there but *thee* !

II.

And *then* my burning boyish hand,
Thrilling with deep delight,
Rov'd (as unconsciously) amid
Thy ringlets jet and bright :
Thou wast too busy soon to see
Those fingers how they flew,
— And then a long fond virgin kiss
Told thou forgavest too !

III.

And then we spake of coming years
When I a man should be,
Winning—(I might not fail to win)
Fortune and name for thee !
No doubts threw shadows in our path,
How could, how *could* we dread
That coming years would sever us
Far as the quick and dead !

IV.

And *now*, from exile, once *again*
Upon that *same* lov'd shore,
— With sunset over steep and tree—
I wander as of yore;
The scene, nay ev'n this heart, as then
Were all unalter'd now,
If *thou* wert here ! If *thou* wert here—
Sweet Clara, *where* art thou ?

V.

Dead ! Thou art dead ! I am alone !
— Ev'n where thy corse is laid,
I cannot learn, to wander there
And linger near thy shade ;—

Yet while thy sweet love in my heart
 Doth, still, so breathe and live,
 I would not barter it for all
 Earth now can have to give.

SONNET

DAYS when thy soul drank love from mine,—glad days
 Of primy[•] passion ; fondness gilding over
 My sins and sorrows (as the sunbeams hover
 'Lumining storm clouds,) with thy sweet blind praise ;
 Love, likest madness, which my will essays,
 Vainly, to smother, and so leave this breast
 Like spent volcanos verdant in their rest !
 —Beautiful image ! is their magic maze
 All “ clean gone and forgotten ? ” Hope, deferr'd,
 Hath perish'd ; but the gaunt fiend, Memory,
 Broods o'er her corse and keeps 't disinterr'd.
 —Yet, fail not ! fail not ! who could bear the lot,
 Once envied, loving, and belov'd of thee,
 Exil'd, but doating still,—to be forgot ![•]

• “ A violet in the path of *primy* youth,”—HAMLET.

SONNET,

WRITTEN ON THE LAST DAY OF THE YEAR.

'THE last day of the year,—the very last !
My spirit, at the limits dimly painted,
Pauseth, that shut the future from the past ;
Alas ! how often hath it flagg'd and fainted,
Shrunk in itself, in wretchedness downcast,
And mourning plans relinquish'd, brightness tainted,
And youth still wasting silently and fast,
And vows long broken to the dead and sainted !

Alas ! and when the year but now beginning,
Shall be as this is now, and I again
Pause on the limits of Time's yearly round,
Shall aught be won,—or won, seem worth the winning ;
Shall doubt and grief, and self-reproach remain,
Or aught of fame, love, happiness be found ?

SONNET

SUGGESTED BY THE DAGUERRETYPE.

How low, by me, all by-gone things are class'd,
Save what look'd brightly up that thou wast nigh;
While every trait and feature of the past,
When lighted up by thy sweet memory,
Stands lianèd forth in tints all bright and fast !
Yea, all that fell beneath thy sunny eye
Is on this heart into bright pictures cast,
Pictures that fail not till this heart shall die !

Yea, from the happy morn when first we met
To when 'nmid many a burning kiss and sigh,
In love and agony, we parted last,
All on my heart as clearly pictur'd lie,
As though but now, I on the world were cast,
As though but now my sun of bliss were set !

LINES WRITTEN IN INDIA,*

I.

It was a wild and plaintive lay
Of Erin's simplest melody ;
—— Mem'ry had hallow'd it,—it fell
More *felt* than *heard*, that syren spell !
Twilight again gleam'd bright above
My best lov'd home—my home's best love.

II.

Earth, sky, and wave spake peace: deep night
Arose, her thoughtful eyes of light
Watching, where twilight's blushes lay,
The *dawn* tints of some *western* day :
And home's lov'd hearts thrill'd near, to feel,
Night and sweet song o'er all things steal.

* I shall perhaps be held excused, if I mention, in apology for the somewhat mocking-bird character of these lines, that they were written when I was only eighteen.

III. *

Full many a varying thought was swelling
 My breast, beyond the musér's quelling ;
 — Anew the hopes of manhood's spring
 Like dewy buds seem'd blossoming :
 Buds, watch'd by *one* form, wont to be
 Dearer than dearest hopes to me !

IV.

Dead joys, dead loves, at thy behest
 Haunted their grave, the exile's breast ;
 Mem'ries, like lightning glances, shed
 Their fleet light o'er the far and dead,
 And hid tears fell, as night showers lave
 Alike glad life and quiet grave.

V.

But *all* are past ! thy song, and they
 — Home's placid hours—*with* song, away !
 Exile is exile yet again,
 And I, like one by prison chain
 Chaf'd unto waking,—chaf'd to weep
 For peace,—sleep,—death's *best* stillest sleep.

VI.

Still, syren ! 'neath those starry eyes
I may not choose, but half forget
England's green glades and breezy skies,
And love's last passionate regret !
—For, oh thou call'st up pleasures past
To dim them 'neath *thy* light, at last !

VII.

As storms drive sea-birds, Love hath driven
My heart from boyhood's happy haven !—
— Lost home and perish'd pleasures seem ,
But memories of some blessed dream,
And all the world were now to me
Exile, if never cheer'd by thee !

THREE SONNETS TO CONSTANCE.

WRITTEN IN ABSENCE.

I.

THOU art not here, and I am all alone !
Thou who hast ever been the world to me
—How dearer than the cold dull world I *see*,—
Which seems like some worn lute, (now *thou* art gone)
From which no hand can wake one music tone !
'Thou art not here ! But memories of thee
Float o'er me, like some long lov'd melody,
'Telling of happiness for ever flown,—
Of days when thou wast nigh, to bless, to cheer,
To shed glad light o'er all the gloom around ;
For nothing long seem'd sad when thou wast near,
— Whose very footsteps made earth holy*ground,
Whose graceful mirth made love itself more dear,
Cheering the captive thy light fetters bound.

II.

Thou art not here ! And, ere we meet again,
Long years may pass away, and even thou,
My young fair bride, some shadows on thy brow,
The tokens some of time and some of pain,
May, ere that hour, have stolen in, to stain
The fairest face that e'er won lover's vow !—
—What matter ? Be thy *heart* as it is now,
Let *that* its freshness, beauty, truth retain,
And something of its sweet power to adorn
Whate'er it loves, with such divinest light
As hovers o'er the mountain top at morn,
Yet makes the poorest blossom heavenly bright ;
—Blest in those arms from which I now am torn,
I shall note nothing, then, of time or blight !

III.

But, ah the Future ! That lies far away,
Hidden in mists, above whose murky shade,
Ev'n Hope, the flatterer, into air doth fade ;
Till, of her radiant presence, scarce one ray
Lingers to light my solitary way.—
Dread future ! Ever, as my heart hath stray'd
'Mid thy dim wastes, it hurries back, afraid,
And by the way side sits alone, to pray,—

— A timid traveller who has lost his track,
 And cowers in solitude, of Home to muse,
 —Of Home, to which he fain would wander back,
 Following his heart there,—but the Fates refuse;
 And there he sits in dark cold misery,
 — With *Memory* alone!—’t is so with *me*!

SONNET.

SOUTHEY AND WORDSWORTH.

AH me! it is a sad and fearful sight,
 When minds whose bright creations cannot die,
 Are stricken in their beauty and their might,
 And ’mid their lovely offspring prostrate lie;
 Not hidden by the grave’s protecting night,
 But bared ’neath each long baffled rival’s eye,
 Whose paltry enmity can find delight
 In peering o’er their late fatuity!

—Wordsworth! a happier destiny is thine!
 These are, alas, like some majestic tree,
 Whose top first perisheth! But thou dost gleam
 Like hills, upon whose solitudes divine,
 And woods and flowers, the sun shines lovingly,
 Ev’n from his earliest to his latest beam.

SONNETS.

I.

NAY, lady! blame me not, that brief and few
My Muse's lays,—her shell all careless strung;
Yea, marvel not, if I have seldom sung
My heart's dear visions, beautiful and true;
Brief-lived but glittering as the copse's dew!
—By twilight stream; on frozen moonlit lake
Whose bare trees cut the night wind; by the brake,
Which,—from the hills,—November's vapours strew;
By sky-sprung water-fall; by Ocean's roar;
By wooded fields, with hamlets dotted o'er;
Yea, every where, Fancy some airy tower
Peoples, for me, with shapes and sounds of bliss;
Yet oh, what marvel, if I scorn the power
Those shapes and sounds to mar,—in strain like *this*?

II.

A scroll of paper is before me spread,
And in my breast high thought: yet skill not brings
To mine,—as to some heart's imaginings,
Words that still follow where the soul hath led,

Whether its wing o'er the lamented dead
 Hover, or linger where the memory clings,
 To childhood's haunts and home's most precious things;
 Yet these, and aught, and all, that e'er hath shed
 O'er poet's brain one pure and holy dream,
 Hath haunted mine, as sunlight haunts the stream!
 —Over my heart are rosy visions beaming,
 Like rays, through some stain'd abbey oriel streaming;
 But mute the music-witch'ry that should steal
 Like anthem-tones, that 'round that abbey's arches peal!

SWEET girl, dear girl! If e'er I seem'd to prize
 Lightly the blessed gift of thy young heart;
 Or lightly weigh what pang it were to part,
 For briefest space, from 'neath those starry eyes,
 Oh! now art thou aveng'd! Thy lover hies
 In every dream back to his summery rest,
 His faëry home, that pure and happy breast;
 Or roams, as erst, 'neath holy twilight skies,
 Thy loveliest head upon his arm; or bends
 O'er some sweet strain, wing'd on that Syren voice
 Floating like sylph!

— Dreams, *dreams*, that pain still ends!
 —Thou too art sad, my sweet one!—Yet rejoice.
 I come! I haste! I come! And oh, what bliss
 Shall hide the past in one long burning kiss!

SONNET.

TO CONSTANCE.

I sit with hope and memory alone,
Where moonlight o'er the sleeping stream hath risen,
And clear cold stars, bursting their azure prison,
Down upon earth their watching eyes have thrown ;
O'er wood, wave, mountain, heather and gray stone,
The beautiful, shedding a holier ray ;—
Yet, from them all, *still* doth my spirit stray
To its high commune, in yon star, with *one*
For whom this heart is as Religion's shrine !
And hies not, Constance, thy young soul, ev'n now,
To yon bright bourne, our trysting place *with* mine ?
Turn not those sweet, sad eyes, that fairy brow,
From our far cottage by the glimmering sea,
Ev'n *now* to heaven, with hopes, blessings and prayers
for *mè* ?

ON THE VIEW FROM "THE EAGLE'S
NEST," AT SIMLA.

Oh, who can tell the holy quietness
That fell upon the spirit at that hour !
The very beauty of the place did bless,
And in the mountain silence lay a power
That seem'd to spread unto the humblest flower
Blooming beneath us, from the stars above,
And icy summits that around did tower ;—
Through all the same sweet magic interwove,
Filling the heart with awe, and piety, and love.

· Sudden from out a fleece of saddest grey
The moon stept forth upon an azure sky,
Shedding o'er twilight a diviner ray,
And gazing down, in her tranquillity,
O'er pines that toss'd their giant arms on high,
O'er dews just 'ginning to begem the heath,
O'er crags precipitous, that ceaselessly
Hurl'd forth a torrent to the dell beneath, ·
Whose unknown depths were veil'd in many a vap'ry
wreath.

238 VIEW FROM THE "EAGLE'S NEST," AT SIMLA.

And clear and frequent, on the breath of even,
Deep'ning, not marring the repose around,
The city's murmur, as it soar'd to heaven,
Mournfully linger'd on that holy ground,
By distance mellow'd, till the humblest sound
Of anger, merriment, or melody,
At that steep height a touching softness found,
Like music floating o'er the listening sea—
Most sweet because its theme was sad humanity !

Yea, at that sad sweet hour, when sense and soul
Are hush'd, and passionless, and chasten'd thought
Silently wanders to the awful goal
Of this brief being ; when the stars have brought
Bright glimpses of Eternity,—unsought
And haply unremember'd, but of power
To dwindle earth's solitudes to nought,
—How sweetly, over distance, at that hour,
Float up the mellow'd sounds from hushing street and
tower !

And is it for that sleep resembles death,
That thus the city's earthly murmurs, stealing
Over the rosy twilight's odorous breath,
Mans not the spirit's holiest revealing ?

Is it from some strange impulse of that feeling
 That makes the lov'd more dear, the loath'd forgiven,
 'Neath death or sleep, that the sonorous pealing
 By fits from out the sleeping city riven,
 Soars where the muser sits, nor mars one thought of
 heaven ?

ON A DISTANT VIEW

OF THE SNOWY RANGE OF THE HIMALAYAS, AT SUNSET.

YE solemn, stately, awful solitudes,
 That rear your tall white shapes i' the thin air,
 Silent and phantom-like, when moonlight fair
 (While not a sound on midnight's sighs intrudes)
 Beautiful moonlight, o'er creation broods,
 Gazing adown on deserts rude and bare,
 And icy pinnacles, or, sight more rare,—
 On woods, vales, villages and rushing floods:—
 Blushing in sun-set, now how fair ye are,
 How heavenly fair ; discarded is the frown
 Ye wear, when round your brows ye weave, afar,
 Tempests, whose lightnings gird ye as a crown;
 —Oh why should ever wrath such beauty mar,
 Why dim that awful calm to which the soul bows down ?

THE FIRST RAILWAY TRAIN IN INDIA.

A howl, as of a demon, startles night,
A rushing horror hurtles through the air,
And thrust from home, by terrible affright,
(As at an earthquake) forth the people fare,
Staring and trembling !— What unwonted sight
Astounds them, where they shudder unaware ?
“ Is it some new avatar of his might
To whom they offer their barbaric prayer ?
An incarnation new, of Mahadeo,
Whose coming so delighted earth of yore ?
Or is it tigers ?—wolves ? in pity say, oh !”
—“ Hands off ! don’t bother, don’t be such a bore !
There ’s nought to shout and tremble at, I tell ’ee,
’T is only our first railway train to Delhi !”

SONNETS,
&c.

TO CONSTANCE.

WRITTEN IN AFGHANISTAN, IN 1842.

NAY fear not thou, belovèd one, whose prayers,
Pure as e'er fell from cloister'd saint of yore,
In silence oft, and oft-times unawares,
Still for my safety unto Heaven upsoar !
What doth it matter how the battle fares ?
What doth it matter how the cannons roar ?
—That front to front each hostile phalanx glares,
While Honour beckons me to press before ?

For how can I or Danger know, or Fear,
I, whom thy precious prayers and hopes enfold
With holier shelter in my glad career,
Than e'er, on Ilion's ringing fields of old,
To hero, stricken by some hostile spear,
Gave Venus' cloud,* or Pallas' ægis cold !

* Such of my fair readers, as are "deeply darkly beautifully blue," may refresh their memories by turning—for information on the subject of Venus's mode of saving Paris, (in a cloud),—to the *Iliad* III. 379.,—beginning Ἀδράρ ὁ ἀψ' ἐπορουσῇ κατακτᾶμεναι, &c. &c.

TO GENIUS.

DEATHLESS and hallow'd mystery ! If e'er,
Fraught with the germs of poësy, on me
Thou hast indeed descended,—if from thee
The fetterless yearnings of my heart to tear
The shroud from times long perish'd, and to bear
Converse with that first, pure humanity,
A marvel of whose nature is, that we
The quicken'd ashes of its dead sons wear ;
If Thy power teacheth me, with minds impress,
Unlov'd myself, to conjure from the brain,
Beings my heart can rest on, and to bless
My solitary spirit with the train
Of high imaginings, ah ! let me trace
Those fleet but fairy visions—not in vain !

EPIGRAM.

SAYS Lilla, with her sweet laugh ringing clear,
“ I too, whene'er I please, can be severe ! ”
Yet Lilla,—tho' your frown like death can freeze,
Except when you 're severe, you always please !

TO "BROTHER JONATHAN."

BY Heav'n we love thee!—*ever should* have lov'd
 Our sturdy brother;—for there's not a son
 Living, of our *one mother*, but had done
 Even as thou didst, had his stuff been prov'd,
 Like thine, by tyrannies that might have mov'd
 The basest abject sunlight shines upon!
 • Yea, we *must* love thee, for thy Freedom won,
 Part by thy woods, in whose dim thickets rov'd
 Erewhile huge Behemoth,—(lost long ago,—
 Though his tall haunts still flourish!) partly by
 Floods, that like lesser oceans foam and flow,
 Partly by hills,—those foes to Tyranny!—
 But *most* by our *one blood* that *cannot glow*
 Save when it nerves true hands that *will* be *free*!

TO THE PEERLESS

• EMILY DASHWOOD,

ON SEEING SOME HEARTS'-EASE IN THE PORTICO OF
 HER PAPA'S HOUSE.

MEET is the symbol! worshipping
 Till ev'ry traitor hope hath vanish'd,
 We feel, tho' Love his hearts may bring,
 That hearts'-ease at the door lies banish'd! •

COLGONG ISLANDS IN THE RAINS.

DAY sinks, with many a bright and blushing cloud,
 'Neath dark, chill, wat'ry mists,—the broad bold river—
 (A giant *restless in his bed*,* and ever
 Shifting from side to side with mutterings loud,
 Hollow and deep!) shooteth his arrowy flood
 Through the strait channels 'round two rocky isles,
 O'er which the hazy moon all faintly smiles,
 —Till sudden splits the fleece;—then bright and proud,
 And girt with many a sharp, clear star, she rides,
 Silvering the shadowy eddies and the rocks,
 Where wheel the herons in their snowy flocks,
 And one small sail with fairy swiftness glides.—
 —Sweet spot, *sweet spot*! what weary miles are past
 To gaze on scenes all tame, compar'd to thee, at last.

* The extent to which the Ganges is restless in its bed,—is given to
 “shifting from side to side,”—may be gathered from the fact that the
 line described by its course, has, at some points, diverged during the
 last ten years, to the distance of almost as many miles to the right or
 left. Its “changes of route” are effected by the operation of under-
 mining the high and sandy banks through which it journeys; and which,
 —especially in the rains when the force of the current is tremendous—
 descend incessantly, and with a noise like that of thunder,—or of
 “minute guns.”

WRITTEN FOR A FRIEND.

Is thy lot happy, maiden? Oft do I
 Conjure the ghosts of past bliss from their graves,
 And muse on thy sweet spirit,—tho' the waves
 Of many a weary ocean, sleeplessly,
 Wail forth their desert moans 'twixt thee and me;
 Yet love should not so haunt me!—Ours hath been
 Like morning dew-drop sapp'd by summer sheen,
 Or "silken primrose faded timelessly."
 —A gentle girl is near me, and the meed
 Is hers, of brightest beauty;—her young heart
 Is mine and only mine,—yet thought *will* speed
 Blindly, to what thou wast to me, and art!—
 Ah, *why* will love live on, tho' years have past,
 Since the green hours that saw us look our last?

LINES.

You bid me try my luck with Bess?
 She's very well I own,
 But I've a fancy, I confess,
 For "leaving well alone."

BATHOS.

WRITTEN OFF THE BEAUTIFUL ISLAND OF JUNGHEERA,
ON THE GANGES, AMID THE DELIGHTS OF SAIL-
ING WITH A REGIMENTAL FLEET.

AN islet hill, (a temple snowy white
Flashing upon its wooded summit,) bas'd
By crags, (whose rifts nine thousand years have trac'd
With solemn tokens of their silent flight;) *c*
And hack'd by many a vapour fleece and light,
And many a field of azure; while, beneath,
Curling o'er Gunga's breast each dewy wreath
'Neath Winter's earliest sunshine glanceth bright;
And curv'd, slight fishing boats, with uprear'd net
Like Nautilus' filmy sail, are lingering yet:
. And now my Beauty soft, thy dreams are o'er!
The fleet's unmoor'd, our boat's not on the shore,
Five ropes are cross'd and ours is in the pell mell,
Hang that "light bark" it's carried off a jillmill.*

* Jillmills, are the Venetian blinds that are attached to the side windows of the pinnaces and budjrows in which officers accomplish these sume "pleasure trips"—The ropes alluded to in the text, are track ropes.

ON A PUBLIC DINNER

HELD BY THE GENTLEMEN AND CITIZENS OF CALCUTTA, TO CELEBRATE THE EXTENSION, BY THE LATE LORD METCALFE, OF FREEDOM TO THE PRESS OF BRITISH INDIA.

Oh Liberty! Thy Britain's sons are raising
Their voices, in rude eloquence, for Thee!
Oh Liberty! Thy Britain's sons are praising
Their new won blessing, where, athwart the sea,
They (as their wont) old tyrannies upraising,
Struggle to set a mighty people free,
—Free from mind's Tyrant,—Bigotry,—and tracing
Thy course, rejoice in vision'd Good to be.—

Soul-stirring sight! How Britain's exil'd sons,
(Turning aside from festal revelry,)
Stand forth to tell, that neither stormy sea,
Nor torrent that in desert fury runs,
Nor icy precipice, nor burning plain,
Shall see mankind long seeking Thee in vain!

II.

Yea, not thy steppes, Russia, nor the might
 Of thy barbarian Autocrat, shall serve
 To make mankind from Freedom's struggle swerve,
 Or Might, 'mid nations, longer stand for Right ;
 The very world is striving in God's sight,
 Yea, is the very world, with soul and nerve,
 Man's rightful place to win or to preserve ;
 And soon no slave shall cower beneath the light ;
 But Freemen all, with quiet joy shall stand,
 Each like some goodly tree upon the land,
 With huge, tall boughs, that in the moonlight nod ;
 And every realm like some vast fane shall be,
 —Not built by hands,—some forest arch'd and free,
 A living temple, dedicate to God !

ON A VAIN AND SILLY FELLOW,

WHOM ALL THE WORLD DISLIKES.

JAMES vows he is n't like "the mob, the throng ;"
 He's dull, vain, vulgar, though the fact don't strike him ;
 And yet perhaps, he's right instead of wrong,
 —I'm sure, at least, I ne'er knew creature *like* him.—

TO WORDSWORTH.*

WORDSWORTH, methinks, a prophet's (by the right
 Of gentle heart, pure being, and the power
 Of commune high, in every lonely hour,
 —As with an angel walking robb'd in light—
 With thine own spotless spirit calm and bright,)
 Methinks, a prophet's place had been thy dower,
 If, in the patriarchal days that tower
 High o'er the waste of ages, mortal sight
 First had been thine; and 'mid the shepherd kings
 Hadst thou walk'd in counsel pure and high!
 For even now, while sordid thoughts and things
 Sully the nations, albeit Time thine eye,
 "Blind Bard!" hath clouded, how thy spirit sings
 Glad and high anthems that can never die!

TO CONSTANCE,

WRITTEN IN ABSENCE.

No sooner met than parted! Such our fate!
 And I who late with heart so blithe and free,
 (War-eyed) fondly hasten'd back to thee
 My beautiful, my true, my gentle mate, *

* Written, in India, on reading a report,—happy an unsounded one,
 —that Wordsworth had been deprived of his sight.

Who welcom'dst me with looks so love-estate,
 And prayers (so fondly fervent yet so vain)
 That nought till Death should sever us again,
 Or love's recover'd happiness abate,
 —How soon have I been torn from thee once more,
 To waste life's early prime in lonely gloom!
 —So soon, alas, that mine seems ev'n *his* doom
 Whom Pluto, to his tearful wife,* of yore,
 Deign'd, for some bright brief moments, to restore,
 —Then drove him *back* unto his dreary tomb.

~~~~~

### TO A LADY SINGING.

(NOT A SONNET.)

BEAUTEOUS! *most* beautiful! There is a deep  
 And spirit-stirring magic in those sounds,  
 That rests not on the *ear*! Their pathless course  
 They cleave o'er floods of memory, and sweep  
 —As tempest sweepeth ocean,—over worlds  
 Of thoughts and yearnings limitless. The soul  
 Surges beneath them, like the troublous sea  
 Answering its master spirit when he calls;

\* Protesilaus to Laodamia. If my memory fail me not, the passage here referred to, respecting the man who

"Thessalis antiquam venerat umbra domum,"

is to be found in one of Lucian's dialogues, (and a very amusing one it is,) where Pluto grants him a furlough as unsubstantial as himself.

—Else calmly, as in moonlight, glides along  
 Dallying with fleet-wing'd<sup>†</sup> Fancy,—like that sea  
 When sleeps the long-woke gale 'neath starry "line,"  
 What time the elfin Nautilus' thin sail  
 Finds scarce a breath to toy with ;—Sing again !  
 Syren of many spells ! Sing once again !

PLEASANT it is, at hot, *not* breathless noon,  
 "Making eight bells," the while, by gelid draught  
 Of "*Beoville*" and water,—(deftly strewn  
 With odorous herb,)—behind a tatty\* quaff'd,  
 —Still, as uprise bright shapes of beauty, hewn  
 In Fancy's quarry, thitherward to waft,  
 (All in the *fine* and *sunny* month of June !)  
 Some bright young beauty, till she deems you "daft,"  
 Yet listeth willingly,—as tho' she knew  
 That you *could* prate more soberly than this,  
 Or lov'd to hear ev'n nonsense, spoke by *you* !—  
 — "What's next ?"—Both rhyme and reason !—Steal a  
 We all have kiss'd beneath the mistletoe, [kiss !  
 — Try it behind a tatty,—\*t ain't amiss !

\* If it is not asking too much, I would beg the curious in "*tatties*,"  
 to confer, regarding them, with the nearest "sear and yellow" gentle-  
 man, just (one had almost said *fresh*) from India. It will be strange if  
 he do not warm upon that which cooled him so long.



## ON HEARING "I WILL ARISE"

SUNG TO THE SERAPHINE, BY THREE FINE VOICES.

It soars, as when the rich and pealing sound  
 From organs and men's voices dies away,  
 Filling the rapt and list'ning air around,  
 With spells that free us from our bonds of clay,  
 —Making the eager spirit inward bound,  
 Thrill'd with the vague desire, again to stray  
 To those bright homes we knew on heavenly ground  
 Before we droop'd beneath an earthly day!

It soars, as oft, on balmy eve's, thy tones  
 Sweet Italy, bewitchingly arise,  
 —Whirl'd thro' the domes of some majestic fane,—  
 To where, lone listing to the pine-tree's moans,  
 The Northern exile, 'neath thine azure skies,  
 Sighs for his home beside the stormy main.—

## TO MY DAUGHTER,

AGED FOUR YEARS.

My little fair-hair'd girl,—ev'n strangers see  
 Grace in thy motions, beauty in thy smile;  
 And strangers call thine accents melody,  
 And seem to love thee for each infant wile,  
 Whether of quaint, wise speech, or childish glee!—

Yet oh, what marvel, if what should *beguile*,  
 Now wrings thy father, when he turns to thee ;  
 And,—exil'd,—pines for England's happy isle ?  
 Alas, what marvel ? for the hour is come  
 Must see *thee* seek another shore and scene !  
 And all the fondness of thine infant heart,  
 And all thy beauty, all thine early bloom,  
 To *us* must be as though it ne'er had been,  
 Save that our *prayers* will *follow* where thou art !

TO CONSTANCE,

IN ABSENCE.

THE last the very last ! Thy sad fond kiss  
 Still haunts me with its pressure soft and warm ;  
 And trembling, thrilling, thy beloved arm .  
 Still seems to clasp me, till the ling'ring bliss  
 Of all that was, illumines all that is,  
 Decking the present with too dream-like charm ;  
 And still, like panting dove,—that flees from harm  
 To some fond bosom, in sweet cowardice,  
 My young love's heart against my breast, again,  
 Seems telling all its fondness all its pain —

... Dreams!—*dreams*? I am as one, on some dull morn,  
 'Startled from sleep's sweet visions, to the strife,  
 The stir, the stress, of a too real life,  
 Sick of the present—desolate, forlorn!—

## NONSENSE—TO CONSTANCE,

ON HER TWENTIETH BIRTHDAY.

I CANNOT see thee, dear one, as thou *art*,  
 And muse on all thou *wast*, but straight, mine eye,  
 (That age hath dull'd) the tears of memory  
 Fill with an added dimness. Yet my heart  
 Feels, that no *coldness* bears with woe a part,  
 That snow usurps thy locks' erst auburn hue;  
 That time hath dimm'd those dear orbs' deepest blue,  
 And shrunk that once fair form!—

Nay, do not start,

And press thy rosy palm upon mine eyes,  
 And bend, with those bright ringlets o'er my brow,  
 And trill thy music-laugh, with its soft glow  
 Over my lips!—I'm just "in trim" for sighs!  
 Kisses are vain;—Life's end is, moralizing!  
 —Will kiss again!—Tho' Youth's *not* worth the prizing!

## ON CONSTANCE, SINGING.

SONG, Beauty, Starlight! O'er what worlds of Thought  
Beautiful syren, doth the spirit stray,  
Borne on thy Music's iris-wing away,  
Giddy with aspirations fairy wrought,  
And sunny and inpalpable as aught  
That floats, as fleece, upon a summer day.  
Sweet favour'd songstress! deftly dost thou sway  
All hearts, still captives *upon* but never *sought*.  
Beautiful syren, in *mine* inmost heart  
Thou wak'st what new, glad dreams, what memories old  
Too vague for song, too hoarded to depart!  
*How* can I *thank* thee? •

*Words* were weak and cold  
To picture or to praise! I can but shrine  
Music and thee as *one*, while thought is *mine*.

## II.

“ Music and Thee ”—I ponder upon either  
 How thrill'd by one same ecstasy ! Thy Song  
 Mounts the clear hyaline, the summer ether,  
 Witching the deep still twilight, soft and long,  
 While Soul, Sense, Past, and Future, blend together,  
 Till the intensity of thoughts that throng,  
 Wrings the lorn spirit that would follow thither,  
 With anguish that *its* paths to *earthly* belong.

— Thou too art melody ! Each music tone,  
 'Thine each thought meek as violet's revealing,  
 Each smile, glance, gesture, marks thee Music's own,  
 And tells, (whate'er *thou'rt* owning or concealing)  
 If Grace and Music kindle Poesy,  
 Grace, Music, Poesy are *link'd* in *Thee* !

## EPIGRAM.

Ye Gods ! with what a wife is Charley cursed !  
 Now up and flirting ; now in bed, being nursed ;  
 Sure, from his grief poor Charles must quick recover,  
 Whether *Death* ~~to~~ him, or some favour'd lover !

## TO CONSTANCE.

Not Fame, not Honour !—no, I have foregone  
Those hopes that show'd *myself*, (when I did look,  
*Dreamingly*, into Fame's recording book,)   
Pictur'd, as crown'd on a celestial lawn,  
Circl'd by glories brighter than the dawn !  
All are foregone, forgotten ! I mistook  
Mere love of song for Genius ; and no nook  
In Fame's bright temple may be mine ;—nay, yawn  
Oblivion's waves around me even *now* !  
This have I learnt right early,—tho' too late ;—  
—Yet I repine not that it must be so ;  
But like a man will I abide my fate,  
Yea, like a fearless man ; that not one foe, '  
Seeing me wrung, shall revel in his hate.—

I

II.

Therefore, if Fame nor Honour may be mine,  
Honour nor Fame I covet ! If my lays  
May find no favour with the awful nine,  
Nor, men my temples may bedeck with bays,  
Nor in the human heart, (his proudest shrine  
Who thrills it,) I a monument may raise ;  
—Yet *be* it so ! For why should I repine,  
While I am blest with thy too partial praise ?  
—While I may sun me in thy loving eyes,  
And feed upon thy smiles a whole life long,  
And feel that, not for all the fame that lies  
Center'd in some immortal poet's song,  
Would I forego that love,—that peerless prize,  
Which makes me proud, earth's proudest sons among ?

## TO FAME.

O Fame! what art thou? Who can know, alas!  
 His claim to any share in thee or thine,  
 Till he has pass'd that dim and awful line,  
 Which no man ever pass'd, or e'er shall pass,  
*Prizing* thy gifts! Rare beings still amass  
 Treasures that after ages count divine;  
 Yet, ere they pass from earth, thou giv'st no sign  
 That they in memory shall outlive the mass!—

How oft, in life, they pine for very bread,  
 While wordy critics smirch their lays with blots;  
 How o'er above each unremember'd head,  
 Year after year, the dock or hemlock rots;  
 —And then *thou* nam'st their love, or woe, or mirth;  
 And towns that let them die,—boast that they gave them  
 birth!

## TO THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

I cannot blame thee! No, I cannot blame!  
 Have I watch'd *thee* with such adoring eye,  
 And follow'd thee with such fidelity,  
 That I, from thee, should ask the gift of fame?  
 Ah no! mine still has been some pleasant game,



Follow'd but when the spirit ran most high,  
 And service did the 'hest of fantasy!—  
 Yet so, alas, *thine* honours never came!

No! not for homage of some moments, torn  
 From mortal care and mortal vanity,  
 Are thine immortal chaplets won and worn!  
 —Yet would'st thou, from thy starry throne on high,  
 Deign me one precious smile for all thy scorn,  
 I still could win high fame, I *still* should never die!—

'Mid the innum'rous aspirants for fame,  
 —Poets, or such as friends consider so—  
 Many there be, who know no inward glow,  
 But flag and falter, till their pigmy flame  
 Is fann'd and forc'd by *popular acclaim*;  
 Then sink and perish when its breath comes low!  
 —Others are like some mighty river's flow,  
 Whose onward eddyings are *still the same*,  
 —Whether thro' solitary wastes it speeds,  
 O'er rocks, that chafe not check, its forward force,—  
 Or winds through stately woods, and smiling meads,  
 While thousands watch and bless its honest course!  
 —These be *true* poets. Like the mighty river,  
 Down to Eternity, they flow for ever.—

## TO THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

MORNING and night, I count mine every day,  
 Coming or gone, by homage done to thee,  
 Or to be done,—divinest Pöesy !  
 And as my youth still silent steals away,  
 Still mourn I,—for new hours do still betray  
 Ends, still contemplated, but still “ *to be* ;”  
 —Till, fool'd by *visions*, to satiety,  
 For Death itself I cannot choose but pray ;

—Yet do not *thou* forsake me ! Love of thee  
 Hath been my bliss, when all things else were drear ;  
 And hopes that all to Heaven should sacred be,  
 Were given to *thee* without remorse or fear !  
 Nay, ev'n methinks, that with my latest breath,  
 One smile from thee would make me welcome Death.—

## TO CONSTANCE,

WRITTEN IN ABSENCE.

KNOWING, too surely, that whatever years  
 Fate may allot us, of united bliss,  
 There *still must come* a parting wept with tears,  
 A *last*, sad, awful agonizing kiss,

Which deathless love, and death-bed hopes and fears,  
 Must wring with thoughts of other worlds and this ;  
 And knowing that each hour that moment nears,  
 Though its approach by mercy shrouded is,  
 —Oh, I must hold my loss of every day  
 Which basking in thy presence doth not bless,  
 A fine as harsh as victims ever pay,  
 Or tyrants ever wring from weak distress ;  
 A fine,—by each hour pass'd from thee away,—  
 That makes my lawful span of life-time less !



### FROM AN UNFINISHED NOVEL.

ALICE ! with thee and me, Life's current, still,  
 So like a glancing rill doth glide away,  
 So like a rosy fleece at early day,  
 That as I gaze, and muse, and dream my fill,  
 How oft I shudder, lest some felon ill  
 Should start a-foot our happiness to slay ;  
 —How oft, within mine inmost heart, I pray,  
 That if it be our heavenly Father's will,  
 That soon we shall have look'd and lov'd our last,  
 And soon, no more it shall be mine to bask  
 Beneath the sweet sunlight of thy loving eye,  
 And drink the music-tones thy sweet lips cast,  
 —It may be left no sin in me to ask,  
 Ev'n now, upon thy bosom blest to die !

WRITTEN WITHIN A FEW DAYS' SAIL OF ENGLAND,

On board the *Vernon*, East Indiaman, July 3rd, 1845.

Oh what a blessèd happiness, once more,  
 — In dreams no more, but *really* again,—  
 To steer right onward for old England's shore,  
 And soon to see her white cliffs o'er the main  
 Smile welcome,—like some sweet face lov'd of yore,  
 And fair and sweet as ever,—till the pain  
 Of exile, which so hopelessly we bore,  
 Shall seem light cost for all our present gain!

Oh idle were the effort, such delight  
 To picture, as must follow, when the stream  
 Of Home's dear interests flashes on the sight,  
 Fairer than when, upon the mind's eye, gleam  
 (In sleep oft-broken by the burning night)  
 The radiant people of the Exile's dream!

## JUMNOOTREE;

A PEAK IN THE HIMALYAS, TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND  
FEET ABOVE LEVEL OF THE SEA.

SHARP, clear, and crystal, cleaving the sky  
In twain; it towers for ever and alone,  
Save that about its feet the tall hills lie,  
Like slaves around some mighty despot's throne,—  
While evermore, beneath its cold stern eye,  
The short-liv'd centuries have come and flown,  
And stars that round its head untiring fly,  
Confess its glories ancient as their own!—

The eagles shun it in their highest flight;  
The clouds lie basking 'neath its eminence;  
Nought nears it but thin air and heaven's sweet light,  
Nor not a sound for ever cometh thence,  
Save of some avalanche from its summit riven,  
Or thunder-tempest on its breakers driven!

\* "Jumnootree," the source, or descent of the river Jumna;—from *Jumna*, and *notar*, or *avatar*, a descent.











